

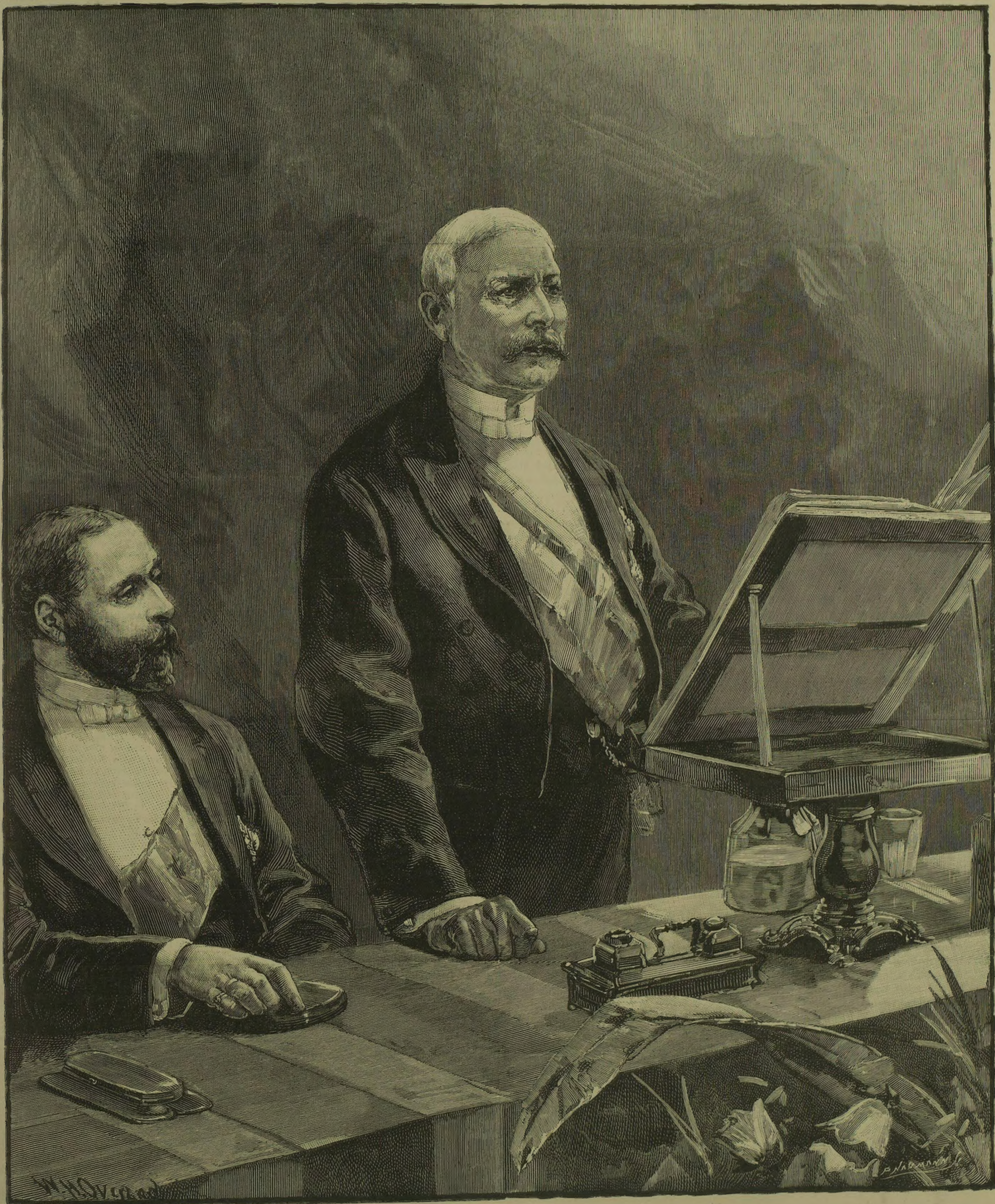
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MEETING OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, MONDAY, MAY 5, IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: MR. STANLEY SPEAKING.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the Parliament of Canada there is, it seems, a good deal of singing. A Government success was welcomed the other day, not only with applause, but with no less than four songs, presumably from occupants of the Treasury Bench. Sometimes, when the motion carried is not a party one, someone sings a song, and the whole House, including the Ministry, joins in the chorus. There appears to be no instrumental music; all is vocal. To the sober English mind, such proceedings seem rather suggestive of the music-hall than of the great Council of the Nation; but, no doubt, there is something to be said for them. Hilarity, and in consequence good humour, is promoted. If the savage breast is soothed by wind instruments, how much more by the *vox humana* and mellifluous verse! The late Mr. Whalley used to be repeatedly asked in the House for a song, but it is not recorded that he ever gave way to its importunity. Sir Dudley Carleton once informed it, in a long oration, that "the greatest and wisest part of a Parliament are those who use the greatest silence," which reminds us of the advice given to writers by that voluminous author Thomas Carlyle—nobody was to write but himself. As for singing (unless he had it in his ears), it never entered into Sir Dudley's head; much less comic singing, to which the Canadian Legislature, it appears, confines itself. Should we follow its harmonious example, it will be absolutely necessary, if not to use the same limit, to prohibit faction-songs. Think of Mr. Parnell giving out the first verse (as the clerk does of the anthem) of "The Wearing of the Green," for the use of the Opposition, and Mr. Balfour responding with "Croppies, lie down!" It would be magnificent (and also war), but it would not be conciliatory.

The Lord Chief Justice has been inveighing against "those who lay down the law for us day by day." At first sight one would imagine he was decrying his own craft (if one may be allowed to use such a word), finding fault with her Majesty's Judges; but he was, in fact, referring to editors. "Sometimes, by chance," he says, "one knows an editor, and he is found to be a much poorer creature in the flesh than in the pages of his publication." The first part of this statement is not complimentary; it would seem that his Lordship never knowingly makes the acquaintance of anyone in a rank so low as the Fourth Estate; it is only "by chance"—standing up under a portico in a shower of rain, or waiting for the train at Coventry (where he would like to send him), hanging with grooms and porters on the bridge, that he meets his editor; but as for the latter part, what is contemptuous about that is shared by very considerable people. One of them tells us of himself that his speech is contemptible, but that his written words are "weighty and powerful," and this is all we look for in our editor. The *P. M. G.* remarks upon this utterance, "There is much truth in his Lordship's remarks. The journalist outside his columns shows often as diminished a glory as the Judge off his bench." If delivered by word of mouth, even by an editor, this would have been rather a neat rejoinder.

Some misanthrope, in Parliament or elsewhere, is always endeavouring to destroy the "harmless gaiety" of the public by doing away with "breach of promise of marriage" cases. I trust he will never get his wicked way, not only because they shield unprotected women from the fraudulent and reckless wooer, but on the even larger and more moral ground of their contributing to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Except to the defendant, who seldom deserves pity, and, in very rare cases, to the complainant, these actions give almost unmitigated pleasure to everybody. The amusement derived from them is genuine, cheap, and universal; while their humour does something to disinfect the unwholesome moral atmosphere that of necessity pervades our law-courts. Of late there has been a very rich crop of them, though supplied by "parties" of a humble class; for, fortunately, neither rank nor wealth is requisite to produce this species of entertainment. Of course there is pathos—half-sister to humour—in them. The person most to be pitied is generally the father of the defendant, who, in case of the latter's impecuniosity, has to find the damages. When the youth is paying his court, he represents his financial position to his charmer in the most brilliant colours; when she wants him to pay in court, he asserts himself to be entirely dependent upon his parent. "If your son had no means to marry Miss Brown" (the complainant), inquires her cross-examining counsel the other day of one of these unhappy fathers, "how came he to marry Miss Jones?" "I don't know," was the pathetic rejoinder: "they are all alike, for they all come home for me to keep." At this, one is sorry to record, there was "great laughter." Drops of compassion should rather tremble on our eyelids for this poor old fellow, who was evidently no domestic Brutus. A much more legitimate subject for mirth is the pertinacity with which the complainant (though "all is over" between the beloved object and herself) sticks to the presents he has given. "Take back the gift" is a ballad that is by no means a favourite one with her, and they are often such curious gifts. The last one notes is towels: even the Judge remarks upon the unsuitability of these *cadeaux*. They would seem to suggest (which, indeed, in other words he did) that the lover thought his mistress "wouldn't wash." Though the young lady gained her case, they had to be given up by order of the Court, and also "some blankets." The action was diversified by some verses penned by her own hand, but not (I believe) absolutely original—

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Carnations sweet, and so are you.

The Peace Society has had some very contemptuous things said of it, and disrespectful words have been uttered (as in the case of the Equator) of international congresses themselves. But arbitration has at last scored a point. It has been resolved, by all parties concerned, to obey the new

regulations laid down by the International Football Board of England and Scotland. As the prohibition of Greek fire, and of the poisoning of wells, in warfare, has been universally assented to, so it is now agreed that, in this delightful game, some difference between the ball and the man, as regards kicking, is to be observed; it is henceforth forbidden to bury an opponent alive when the ground is soft and sloppy, and to sit down on the spot afterwards (as Eastern Princes do upon the living tombs of those who have displeased them); moreover, though it is not asserted to be unfair to kick an adversary in the eye when he is down (the temptation, doubtless, being considered too overwhelming), the practice of placing the heel upon that organ, and working it round, has been pronounced unnecessary and illegal.

A gentleman offers his services, on the understanding that his mode of instruction is kept secret, to teach whist at a guinea a head (or hand) by correspondence. The proposition has, at all events, this negative merit—that the attempts to improve one's partner's play, by *viva-voce* instruction, almost always, and sometimes ignominiously, fail. "Sir," he says, "perhaps you will permit me to observe that I have played whist for forty years"—an unanswerable observation to the delicate mind, however fully persuaded of its insufficiency. Sometimes he appeals to the future instead of to the past, and with the same success: "Sir, if I were to play whist for forty years, I hope I should always play like that." I have known him (but this was in the case of a gentleman—though not a "gentleman player"—of very high rank indeed) take the bull by the horns in a still more decided manner. His would-be adviser had murmured, in the gentlest manner, "If your Grace had returned my lead in trumps, we should have won the game. Why did you lead the club?" to which he responded with dignity, and also with truth, "Sir, I led the club to please myself." But the total failure of *viva-voce* remonstrance is most pleasantly illustrated with reference to the signal for trumps, which the partner has not seen, but would rather be torn to pieces by wild horses than confess as much. "You should not force your partner when he asks for trumps." "Well, of course not [this with indignation], but I thought in this particular instance it was the game"; and so it was, but the adversary scored it. The sinful but unrepentant partner has always the best reasons for playing badly that the mind of man can conceive; he is full of technical expressions, "the game"; "a card of re-entry"; *force majeure*, &c., in a cloud of which he endeavours to hide his crime, as the cuttlefish escapes from his baffled pursuer. It is really no use talking to him; perhaps these lessons at a guinea by correspondence may have a better effect: though I'll bet a guinea they won't.

When the change of form (from rope to wire) of capital punishment in the United States came first under discussion, an Electric Light Company excited some ridicule by protesting against its own particular currents being used for the purpose of terminating human life; which was naturally supposed to be an ingenious advertisement of its manager. A timber-merchant, it was said, might just as well have protested against his wood being used for the erection of a scaffold. But the manager, though certainly not (except from a professional point of view) the "child of light" that he pretended to be, was wise in his generation. The true motive of his opposition to the new "happy despatch" was, no doubt, the consideration that its adoption would associate the idea of electricity with danger to life. He did not mind how many criminals were electrified, but objected to shocking his clients. The present opposition of the electric companies is founded on the same basis, and is so far reasonable enough; but that a murderer should escape capital punishment upon constitutional grounds, because he has been condemned to this new mode of it, seems monstrous indeed. What is very noteworthy in the matter is the pertinacity with which he has appealed against it; for the alternative would be imprisonment for life, and those who would abolish capital punishment have always insisted upon the former penalty having a much more deterrent effect upon criminals than the sentence of death. "My experience," said one, who gave evidence on this point, and had been solicitor to two thousand prisoners, "is that a man would rather go to the Devil at once than be left face to face with his own conscience for the remainder of his life." But all that this gentleman could testify was that his clients told him so. He had never been condemned to death himself, but, like an honest (or sagacious) lawyer, died in his bed. Moreover, he lived in days when men, and even women, were put to death for trifling offences, which in every good man aroused the strongest indignation, and every argument, good, bad, and indifferent, was used to stop such judicial murders. His argument about deterrent influence was a bad one, for there is nothing your deliberate murderer objects to so much as a rope (or, as it now appears, the electric coil), just as there is nothing your garrotter shrinks from so much as a rope's end. As to being "face to face with his conscience," where the flaw in the argument comes in is where the offender does not happen to have one.

As regards offences to which too severe punishments are meted out, the evidence of this early abolitionist, Mr. Harmer, however, is well worth quoting; for, though he is speaking of the death-penalties (happily abolished in such cases), it has a practical application to modern instances. Not only does he find prosecutors unwilling to prosecute, and juries, though upon the clearest evidence, to convict, but "it has frequently happened to myself," he says, "in my communications with old professed thieves, that they have elected to be indicted capitally, because there is a greater chance of escape." This fact, interesting enough in itself, is, though its motive is thus acknowledged, actually cited as an argument against capital punishment; whereas, of course, it is only an example of the recklessness of the offender, who risks his all on the chance of getting scot-free.

"The richest convict in the world," the *New York Herald* tells us, has just been released from prison. It will be interesting to observe how he will be received by "Society." Of course he was not rich when he—well, let us say, "went into retirement" for twelve months (with hard labour), or he would hardly have forged another gentleman's name with the object of getting a little money by it. Someone in Switzerland, who had either not heard of that occurrence, or wished to show that he was superior to prejudice, left him a hundred thousand pounds in the interval. Persons well acquainted with human nature (such as Miss Becky Sharp) have held that it is very easy to be virtuous on half that money. A divine of the English Church has informed us that if he had been made a Bishop he could have afforded to keep a conscience, which under his actual circumstances was as impossible as keeping a carriage. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that if this legacy had "fallen in" a year ago, our friend (as one hopes he will allow us to call him) would not have been "the richest convict in the world," but only an honest gentleman in easy circumstances. But the question is, How will it be with him now? If one cannot be whitewashed for £100,000, it must, indeed, be an expensive operation. The very highest styles of painting, even at the fancy prices now paid for them, do not cost a tenth of this sum. What will Society do with him? For it seems out of the question, with her eye for figures—and the gentleman in question is in six figures—that she will do without him. If she does not take his hand, that hand which has so unfortunately—well, developed "the imitative faculty"—she cannot afford to neglect the money in it. It is a very nice question—very. There are doubtless many ways of effecting a mutual introduction where both parties are yearning for it, but perhaps the best way will be the boldest: why should he not make his *début* in his true colours, or rather (since that might suggest the yellow one) in his own peculiar and exceptional character? My belief is that a card with "To meet the richest convict in the world" in the corner of it would, in fashionable circles, "draw" immensely.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The May Day demonstrations, which excited so much apprehension in various quarters, passed off with almost complete tranquillity in every part of Europe. In Paris some arrests were made, and some slight collisions took place between the people and the police, but for the most part the demonstrations, alike in the capital and in other parts of France, were peaceful and undisturbed.—At Longchamps the Two Thousand Guineas was won by Baron De Rothschild's Heaume, and the One Thousand Guineas by M. Pierre Donon's Wandora.—M. Robert Fleury, the "father" of French artists, died on May 6, at the age of ninety-two.

Queen Christina opened in person the Fine Arts Exhibition at the Madrid Salon on May 6, in the presence of the Diplomatic Body, Ministers of the Crown, and a large assembly.

The King and Queen of Italy opened, on May 2, an exhibition of the industries of the city of Rome, thus inaugurating the May fêtes, which last eighteen days.—King Humbert on the 5th inaugurated at Rome a shooting contest, to last twelve days. He fired the first three shots with excellent aim.

The German Emperor opened the Reichstag on May 6. In his Speech from the Throne the Emperor said he counted on the completion of legislation for the protection of workmen. He declared that his efforts were unceasingly directed towards the continued maintenance of peace, and expressed his conviction that his endeavours to strengthen the confidence of foreign Governments in the security afforded by that policy had been successful. At the same time the unforeseen extension of the military organisations of neighbouring Powers had rendered it necessary to increase the peace effective, and especially to add to the field artillery.—The Empress on the 4th laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Rummelsburg, near Berlin, the ceremony being attended by deputations from the industrial classes engaged in the jute and other industries. The Empress had a kind word for each of the workpeople, being especially gracious in noticing the representatives of the large English colony there.

A Government Bill has been introduced into the Hungarian Diet, making it obligatory on each of the twelve thousand "communities" in Hungary to have a Kindergarten, and on parents to send to it all children between three and six years old, if not otherwise properly taken care of. The measure, being compulsory, is a new departure, and is explained by the great mortality among children in Hungary, owing to their being left alone when the parents go to work.

A lunatic asylum at Longue Point, nine miles from Montreal, took fire on May 6, and the utmost efforts were made to rescue the inmates, of whom, unhappily, several were burned to death.

The death of the Hon. H. J. Andrews, Under-Secretary for South Australia, is announced.

Sir Henry Loch, Governor of Cape Colony, arrived at Bloemfontein on May 3, and met with a brilliant reception. His Excellency was present at the opening of the Orange Free State Volksraad, and was entertained at a banquet on the 5th. Replying to the toast of his health, Sir Henry Loch expressed the desire to witness a United South Africa. The Governor left there on the 6th on his return to Cape Town.

General Sir Daniel Lysons has been formally installed by the Lord Chamberlain as Constable of the Tower, in succession to the late Lord Napier of Magdala.

On the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, the Queen has appointed Sir Ludovic Grant, Bart., Advocate, to be Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh, in the room of the late Professor Lorimer.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has issued a special appeal to the Mayors of towns and others interested in the Volunteer movement in behalf of the funds of the National Rifle Association.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, presided at the annual meeting, on May 3, of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Institute, held in the Royal United Service Institution. The Duke of Edinburgh moved the adoption of the report, which was passed unanimously.

The Rev. Canon Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., the newly appointed Bishop of Durham, was consecrated as Bishop on May 1 in Westminster Abbey, in the room of Bishop Lightfoot. The Archbishop of York was associated in the ceremony with the Bishops of Winchester, Exeter, Ripon, and Carlisle, and Bishop Barry. The sermon was preached by Dr. Hort.

RECEPTIONS OF MR. STANLEY.

The distinguished African traveller and explorer, Mr. H. M. Stanley, leader of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, was honoured with two public receptions in London: the first on Friday evening, May 2, at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, the chair being taken by the Prince of Wales; the second at the Royal Albert Hall, on Monday evening, May 5, at a special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, whose President, Sir Mount Stuart Elphinstone Grant-Duff, was in the chair; but the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with other members of the Royal family, were again present on the latter occasion. Both meetings were attended by many of the nobility and persons of rank and fashion, as well as by scientific men and those interested in African commercial, administrative, or exploring schemes. A large proportion of ladies appeared in these brilliant assemblies, and many gentlemen wore orders and decorations. The proceedings were of high interest.

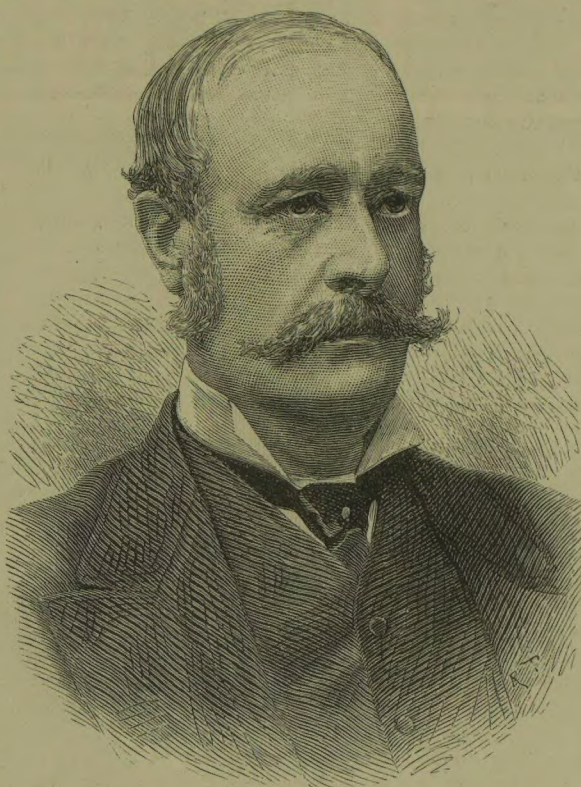
At the meeting in St. James's Hall the front row of seats opposite the platform was reserved for the Royal family. The Princess of Wales took her seat at nine o'clock, while the organ played the National Anthem. Her Royal Highness was followed by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Maud of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Fife, and the Duke of Teck. In a few seconds the Prince of Wales, followed by Mr. Stanley, came upon the platform. Their appearance was hailed with prolonged cheering. Mr. Stanley, evidently surprised by the spectacle, bowed low in recognition of his welcome. The Prince whispered a word or two to him, and the cheering broke forth afresh; Mr. Stanley again, with a pleased smile on his sunburnt countenance, acknowledged the very cordial applause. During this demonstration "See the Conquering Hero Comes" was played on the organ. The Prince then rose, and in a few sentences introduced Mr. Stanley, who appeared at first a little uncomfortable; but the difficulty was soon surmounted. He had a manuscript in his hand, and the table was a little way off. Quickly seeing what was wanted, the Prince, rising, helped to place his table in front of Mr. Stanley, who, with a smile and words of thanks, placed his papers upon it. When he began reading the narrative of his great journey, the audience settled down to listen to him; but at frequent intervals there were cordial and sympathetic cheers, particularly when Mr. Stanley was paying eloquent and generous tributes to his brave companions, Dr. Parke, Lieutenant Stairs, Mr. Jephson, and Captain Nelson. The Prince of Wales, on behalf of the meeting, thanked Mr. Stanley for his interesting lecture. Sir William Mackinnon proposed a vote of thanks to his Royal Highness for presiding. The Prince, bowing and quitting the chair, accompanied Mr. Stanley down to the floor of the hall, and the Princess at once came up and shook Mr. Stanley's hand, as did also Prince Albert Victor and the other Royal visitors. The chairman and other members of the Emin Relief Committee afterwards held a reception in the Banqueting-room, at which Mr. Stanley and the Royal party, and a number of distinguished guests, were present.

On the Monday evening, at the Royal Albert Hall, which had been engaged for the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the vast building was filled by more than seven thousand persons, and nearly every seat was occupied when the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters arrived, at twenty minutes to nine. Their Royal Highnesses were received by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, the President, and the Council of the Society, and by Sir W. Mackinnon, Sir F. De Winton, and other members of the Emin Relief Committee. Mr. Stanley, who had arrived a few minutes before, and who wore the Congo star and sash, was warmly greeted by the Prince, and, after a brief conversation, the Royal party proceeded to the hall. At the sound of "God Save the Queen," played on the organ, the audience rose to their feet and enthusiastically cheered for several minutes. Mr. Stanley took his place on the right hand of the chairman, the Prince of Wales sitting beside him, and the Duke of Edinburgh on the President's left. All the fashionable world of London seemed to have assembled to do honour to the Geographical Society's guest. The Princess of Wales was in a costume of red velvet; her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, were attired in white, and so was Princess Victoria of Teck, who sat between her two young cousins. There were present, too, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Christian, Prince and Princess Victoria of Hohenlohe, the Duke of Fife, the Duke of Argyll, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris. A space set apart for the Royal family in front of the orchestra was decorated with marguerites, lilies, geraniums, and fine foliage plants, white tints predominating, in contrast to the red carpet with which the dais and the approaches were covered. Overhead, in front of the organ, was stretched an enormous map delineating Central Africa, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and conspicuously marked by a large green patch, indicating the great forest of which Mr. Stanley has given such graphic descriptions.

The President's address, introducing Mr. Stanley, was brief and to the point, and the latter, on rising, was enthusiastically applauded. His romantic descriptions of the great Forest of the Congo (as it is called on the map), of the Mombutta race of pigmies, of the Albert Edward Nyanza, and of the Ruwenzori mountain range, with references to Homer, Herodotus, and the ancient Greek and Arab geographers, were the chief features of the lecture, which lasted about an hour. Then the Prince of Wales, in a few sentences which showed how carefully his Royal Highness had followed the lecture, moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by the Duke of Edinburgh, and was carried by acclamation.

The presentation of a special gold medal of the Society to Mr. Stanley, and replicas in bronze to his officers, was the last act of the proceedings. Mr. Stanley long ago was the recipient of one of the Royal medals. This one has been designed by Miss E. Hallé, whose medals of Herr Joachim and Cardinal Newman are well known. The obverse bears the head of Mr. Stanley, modelled from Professor Herkmer's portrait and photographs taken before his departure. The design on the

reverse side shows a female figure, the Africa of classical tradition, wearing on her head a helmet in the design of an elephant's head, and pouring from urns the two great rivers, Nile and Congo. A lake, a great mountain, and a tropical forest form an appropriate background. The gold of the medal has been supplied to the Council by Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M.P., from his Welsh mines. Mr. Stanley's faithful Zanzibaris have not been forgotten by the Council of the Society, who have sent for presentation to each a silver star, bearing in the



COLONEL SIR FRANCIS DE WINTON, K.C.M.G., C.B.,
THE NEW ADMINISTRATOR OF THE BRITISH EAST AFRICA COMPANY'S
TERRITORY.

centre the monogram "R.G.S.," and the words "Emin Relief Expedition, 1887-89."

At the close of the meeting, while the National Anthem was again played on the organ, the Prince of Wales, passing along the platform on his way out of the hall, stopped and shook hands with Mr. Stanley, amid the cheers of the audience. The example of his Royal Highness was followed by the Duke of Cambridge and other members of the Royal circle.

Her Majesty the Queen received Mr. Stanley at Windsor Castle on Tuesday, May 6, at seven o'clock in the evening. Arriving from London with Sir John Cowell, Master of the Queen's Household, and Sir William Mackinnon, he was met at the railway-station by one of the Queen's Equerries, and by the Mayor of Windsor, with several members of the Corporation, wearing their robes of office, who bade him welcome, and congratulated him on his African achievements. He had an interview with the Queen at Cranbourne Tower, in Windsor Park, and dined at the Castle.

SIR FRANCIS DE WINTON.

The British East Africa Company has been fortunate in obtaining the services of this distinguished military officer, African traveller, and Government Commissioner for African affairs, as the Administrator and actual Governor of its large territory from the east coast to the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Sir Francis Walter De Winton, born in 1835, is son of Walter De Winton, Esq., of Maesllwch Castle, Radnor; he entered the Royal Artillery in 1854, became Captain in 1860, Major in 1872, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1880, and Colonel in 1885. He served in the Crimean War, for which he obtained the medal with clasp, the Legion of Honour, and the Turkish medal; he was aide-de-camp to General Sir W. Fenwick Williams, commanding the forces in British North America from 1860 to 1865, and was on the staff of that General as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia to 1867, and as Governor of Gibraltar from 1870 to 1872. Colonel De Winton in 1877 and 1878 was a military attaché to the British Embassy at Constantinople, but went again to Canada as Secretary to the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, and held the office of Military Secretary in Canada till the end of 1883. In the following year he entered the service of the King of the Belgians, President of the new Congo Free State, and during the absence of Mr. H. M. Stanley in 1885 and 1886 was Administrator-General of that State. He was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1882, a

Knight of that Order in 1884, and a Companion of the Bath in 1888; he is also a Commander of the Belgian Order of Leopold. In 1887 and 1888 Sir Francis De Winton was again employed by the British Government, in special service on the West Coast of Africa; after which he was appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General at headquarters in England, an office now to be vacated by him. He went to South Africa last year, as Commissioner of her Majesty's Government, jointly with that of the Transvaal Republic, to visit Swaziland, and to inquire concerning the best mode of settling that country, of which several sketches appeared in this Journal. Sir Francis De Winton took the most active part in organising and directing Mr. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. His own views concerning the respective shares of British and German enterprise in the future opening of East Africa will be found in an article contributed by him to the *Nineteenth Century* for May.

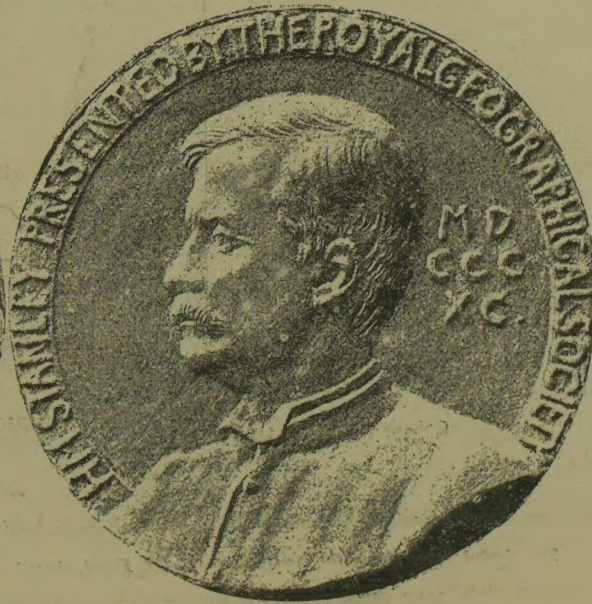
The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. Thomson, 70A, Grosvenor-street.

THE COURT.

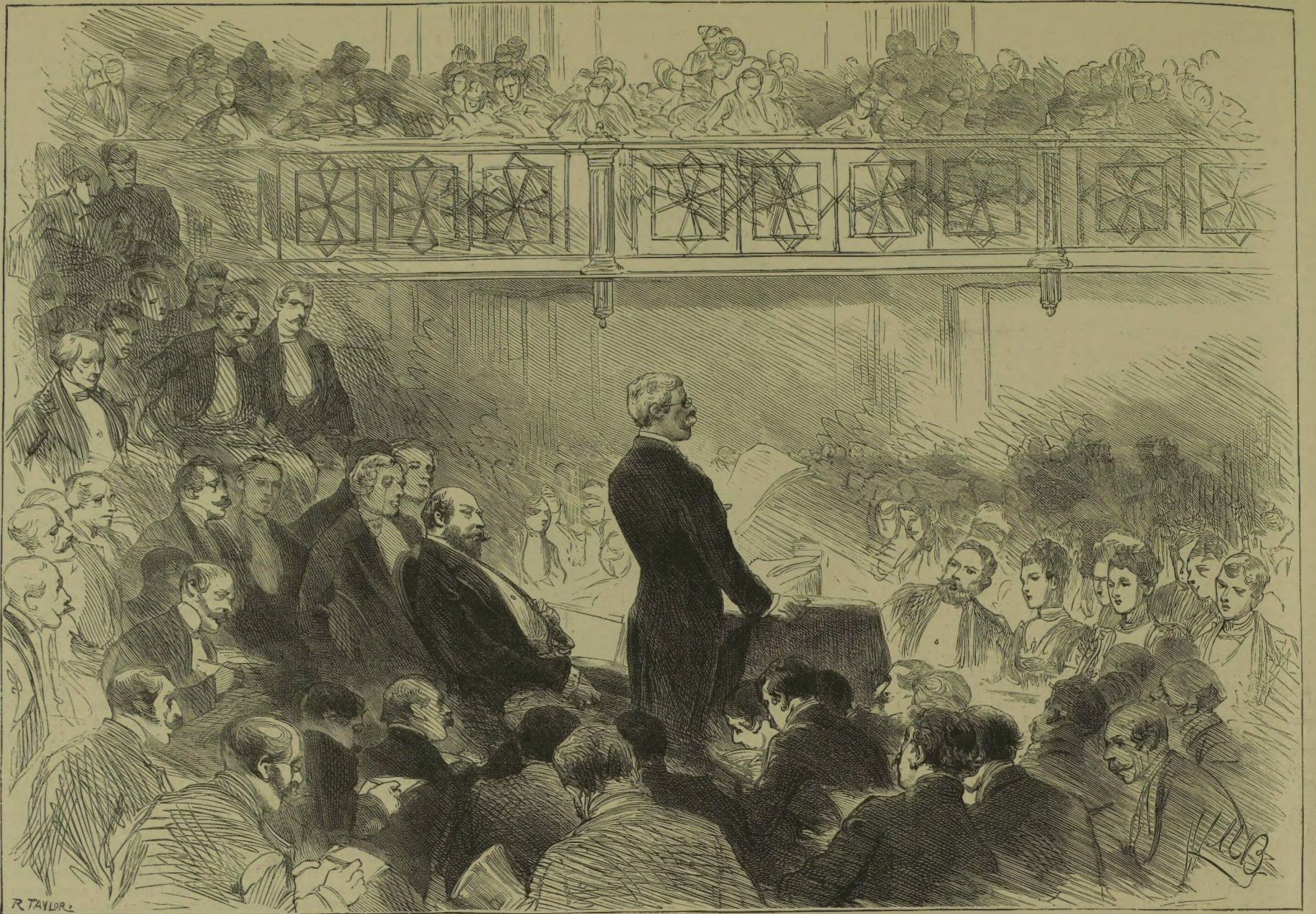
The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle from the Continent on April 30. Her Majesty held a Council on May 1, at which were present Viscount Cranbrook, Lord President of the Council, the Earl of Coventry, Master of the Buckhounds, and the Earl of Limerick, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Viscount Cranbrook had an audience of her Majesty. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. This day was the anniversary of the birth of the Duke of Connaught. On the 3rd the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland was christened in the Queen's private chapel at Windsor Castle, her Majesty being one of the sponsors. An amusing incident occurred on May 3 during the Queen's drive. On reaching the road which intersects the Long Walk near the Prince Consort's Farm, about a quarter past six o'clock, her Majesty and Prince Albert Victor of Wales saw two foreigners with a brown bear resting under the shade of the old elms of the avenue. The Queen ordered her carriage to be stopped, and the men were requested to allow the bear to give a performance. At the finish her Majesty gave the men some money. The owners of the performing bears attended, by command of the Queen, at the castle on the 5th, and gave a performance in the Grand Quadrangle for the entertainment of the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who are residing with her Majesty at the palace. Her Majesty's dinner party on the 3rd included Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Christian Victor, and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. Mlle. Janotha had the honour of playing on the piano before her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the Private Chapel on Sunday morning, the 4th, the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiating. On the 5th the Prince and Princess of Wales visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Chinese Minister, Sieh-Ta-jen, arrived at the castle, and was introduced to her Majesty's presence by Sir James Fergusson, Bart., G.C.M.G., Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and presented his letter of credence. Mr. John Bridge, Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, received the honour of knighthood.

The Princess of Wales returned to London on May 1, and, after visiting the Exhibition at the Royal Academy, opened the Westbourne-grove section of the London Flower-Girls' Guild. The Prince of Wales returned to Marlborough House on the 2nd from Newmarket. Prince Albert Victor arrived at Marlborough House in the afternoon from India. His Royal Highness was met at the Charing-cross Station by the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, Princess Louise, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Fife and the Duke of Fife, and Princesses Victoria and Maud. The Prince of Wales presided at the "welcome" given to Mr. H. M. Stanley at St. James's Hall, in the evening, by the Emin Relief Committee; his Royal Highness being accompanied by the Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, dined with the President (Sir Frederick Leighton) and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts on May 3, at Burlington House. Prince Albert Victor left Marlborough House for Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. The Princess of Wales, with Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duchess of Albany, were present at the christening of the infant son of the Hon. Captain North and Mrs. Dalrymple, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Among the sponsors were Prince George of Wales and Princess Victoria of Prussia. On Sunday morning, May 4, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud were present at Divine service. Prince Albert Victor returned to Marlborough House in the afternoon from visiting the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and many others of the Royal family were present at the meeting of the Royal Geographical

Society, held on the 5th in the Royal Albert Hall, which was crowded by a brilliant audience, to welcome Mr. H. M. Stanley to England, and to hear some account of the arduous labours which he has recently accomplished. By command of the Queen a Levée was held on the 6th, at St. James's Palace, by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty. The Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and the other members of the Royal family, entered the Throne-Room shortly after two o'clock. The Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers having been introduced in the order of precedence, numerous presentations were made. The Princess of Wales and her daughters were present at the opening of the Silk Loan Exhibition at Lady Egerton of Tatton's House, 7, St. James-square, on the 6th. The Thrush gun-vessel was commissioned at Chatham on the 6th by Lieut. Prince George of Wales, for service with the North America and West Indies squadron.



GOLD MEDAL GIVEN TO MR. STANLEY BY THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

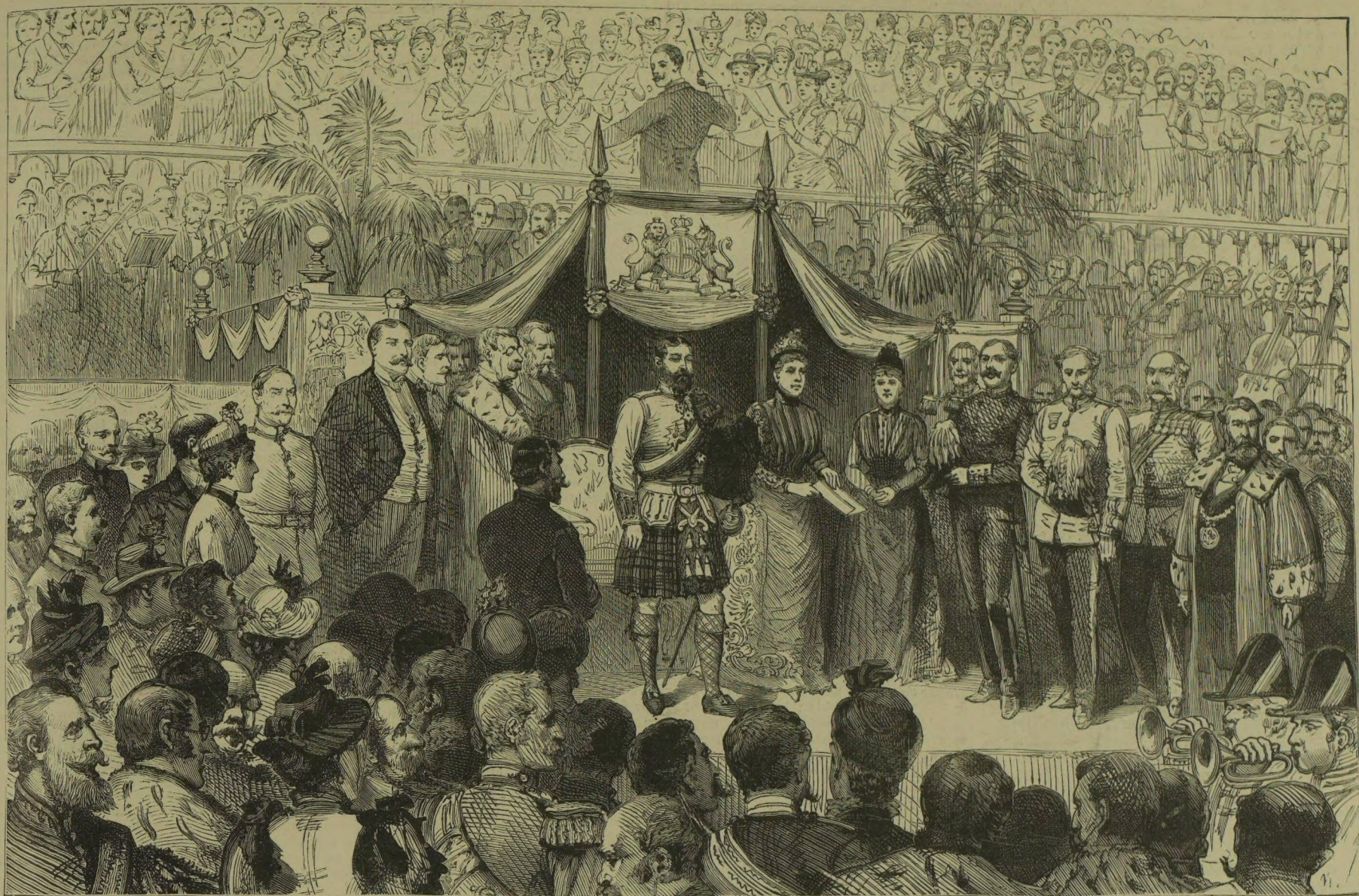


MEETING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY, MAY 2, TO WELCOME MR. STANLEY, THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CHAIR.



The shaded space shows the limits of the Great Forest, described in Mr. Stanley's Lecture to the Royal Geographical Society.

MAP SHOWING THE GREAT FOREST TRAVERSED BY MR. STANLEY AND HIS PARTY.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DECLARING THE EXHIBITION OPEN.



THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH VISITING A STALL IN THE EXHIBITION.

THE LATE MR. W. BLADES.

Mr. William Blades, who died on April 27, was a printer and an accurate scholar, learned in literary antiquities. He was born at Clapham, in 1824. His first publication was a reprint, in 1858, of Caxton's "Governayle of Helthe," with an introduction and notes. His principal work, "The Life and Typography of W. Caxton," in two quarto volumes, appeared in 1861-3. His other writings on Caxton were a catalogue of books from Caxton's press (1865), "How to tell a Caxton" (1870), and "The Biography and Typography of William Caxton" (1877). "A List of Medals, &c., in connection with Printers," first issued in 1869, was afterwards enlarged and published in 1883 as "Numismata Typographica; or, the Medallic History of Printing." This work was largely founded upon the medals in his own collection. In 1870 he published two papers, "A List of Medals struck by Order of the Corporation of London" and "Typographical Notes,"



THE LATE MR. WM. BLADES, PRINTER AND ANTIQUARY.

reprinted from the *Bookworm*. He wrote "Shakespeare and Typography" in 1872, and "Some Early Type-specimen Books" in 1875, the latter principally compiled from books in his own possession. A reprint of the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers" followed in 1877, and one of "The Boke of Saint Albans" in 1881. He also wrote a little treatise entitled "The Enemies of Books." In 1885 he published an account of the German morality play entitled "Depositio Cornuti Typographici," and in 1887 a pamphlet on the question "Who was the inventor of printing?"

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Done and Ball, of Baker-street (late Brown, Barnes, and Bell).

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The modern substitute for the drama appears to be dress. "Well, and how did Mrs. Langtry get on as Esther Sandraz, the other night, at the St. James's?" "Oh, very fairly indeed!" is the reply. "She played the strong scene at the end of the first act with great effect; but the play is bound to be a success, for the heroine of the story is so beautifully dressed." "Did you go to the Princess's to see Miss Grace Hawthorne play Theodora, in imitation of Sarah Bernhardt, on Monday evening?" "Indeed, we all did. She may not come up to Sarah Bernhardt; but, oh! she is so beautifully dressed!" So it has come to this, with the aid of the ubiquitous lady reporter: art and nature are nothing; artificiality and costume are everything. We do not view Esther Sandraz as a troubled woman who has devoted her life and energies to a pitiless revenge. The dramatic idea of an Adolphe Belot and the literary skill of a Sydney Grundy are of little consequence, so long as Mrs. Langtry can robe herself in black or silver-grey, can wear her gowns like a lady, and can excite the ingenuity of the fashion-reporter in describing her plastrons, her panels, her girdles, her shoulder-sleeves, and the hang of her well-cut skirts.

"Theodora" may be a very fine or a very bad play. Sardou and Buchanan may have done their work well or ill, but the great point is that the management has spent so many thousands of pounds over duplicates of the costumes in the well-known Porte St. Martin show.

"Esther Sandraz" was produced with considerable success at a *matinée* last year, the author having several months before asked Miss Amy Roselle to take the difficult character of the heroine. Before Miss Roselle undertook the task, she had very properly been informed that Mrs. Langtry had read the play, but had no very definite ideas about producing it. In fact, it was in the market, and quite at the disposal of any travelling star, be she Mrs. Langtry, Miss Roselle, Miss Fortescue, or Miss Kate Vaughan. While in rehearsal it got wind that "Esther Sandraz" was a very fine opportunity for a leading lady, and this information, derived from eye-witnesses at the rehearsal, was promptly telegraphed to America, and arrived at the ears of Mrs. Langtry through Mr. A. M. Palmer. She at once remembered "Esther Sandraz," and acquired new faith in it—such faith in it, indeed, that she promptly secured what rights in it that were still available. They amounted to all rights saving the promise to Miss Roselle to create Esther Sandraz at a *matinée*. That could not with very good grace be broken, though the actress was under no written or binding contract whatever. So Miss Roselle was used to secure the "copyright" at a scratch performance, for which money was technically taken at the doors, but which was never advertised in the public papers or criticised as a public performance in the usual way; and, the copyright for England having thus been obtained, Mrs. Langtry played Esther for the first time in public at Chicago, and Miss Amy Roselle played it for the second time in London. At this juncture, exit Miss Amy Roselle. The play belonged to Mrs. Langtry, for Miss Roselle had secured no rights over it. These we believe to be the true facts of the case. The author talks of being accused of "sharp practice." No one, so far as can be seen, made any

such accusation. The words are his. He knows the old proverb.

And Esther Sandraz proves a very showy part for Mrs. Langtry, who has improved vastly in the technical details of her art since she last returned from America. She attacked the great scene with commendable vigour, played the cynical scenes with marked intelligence and point, led her little army of amateurs valiantly, and won a very marked success. It is quite true: she was very well dressed, as she always is; but that surely is not the sole point to be considered. Except in the case of Miss Marion Lea, who was charming, clever, and sympathetic in the character of a virtuous lady who is dramatically opposed to the vindictive cast-off mistress of a cruel man, and in that of Mr. F. Everill, an actor of the old school, who can play everything well, from Old Adam in "As You Like It," Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing" (an admirable performance, by the way), to comic characters in French comedies, the general acting lacked polish and conviction. Mr. Charles Sugden did not understand the character of the lover of passionate Esther; and Mr. Bourchier somewhat underrated the capabilities of a sentimental character made very interesting at the outset. It is not exactly the kind of play that will attract much sympathy in these days, when all London is raving about "A Pair of Spectacles," and I have no doubt that Mr. Grundy is prouder of his success at the Garrick than in King-street, St. James's. The one is an artistic, the other an artificial, production. The one delights and charms; the other startles and astonishes. But everyone to his own taste. The fashion-reporters and milliners who can sit and gloat over modern dress as the one desirable thing that is essential in dramatic production are not very likely to laugh or cry very much over the homely and delightful little story elaborated with so much art by Mr. Hare. The only glittering things about this admirable comedian are his bright eyes and sparkling countenance, which match the gold rims of his glasses; and there is no advertising line in the house programme to tell the ladies in society where Miss Kate Rorke buys her pretty but simple gowns. In that case the play's the thing: not the dress.

One might imagine, from all the glowing descriptions of the silks and stuffs, and gold brocades, and old-rose linings, and lily branches, and crowns and tiaras, and Byzantine costumes, that "Theodora" has never been adequately mounted before. We who have seen the play in Paris and in London over and over again cannot detect much difference, except that the dresses are newer and brighter now than they were—if that is any advantage. Miss Grace Hawthorne set herself a very difficult and, as some may think, a very unnecessary task, and she got out of it very creditably; but it does not follow from all that that she can play Theodora. It is not really necessary to have seen Sarah Bernhardt at all to prove that. No one can really imitate the great French actress. It is assumed that Mrs. Bernard-Beere can imitate her because she successfully jumped over the Fedora and Tosca hedges. But it is one thing to jump over a hedge and another to be up with the hounds. Miss Grace Hawthorne played with great earnestness and intelligence; but the very thing that is an essential in Theodora is variety, and that is the very gift that the English actress does not possess. A Theodora without variety is nothing. She must be refined and vulgar, alluring and brutal, passionate and cynical, timid and bloodthirsty, a woman and a demon, in so many minutes. It will not do to play Theodora on a dead level of monotony. Where is the golden-voiced languor of the reception-scene? where the coarse Bohemianism of the interview with the witch in the circus? where the passionate love-scene in the garden of Andreas? where the tragic frenzy of the murder of Marcellus? where—but what is the use of going on? Where is anything that Sardou suggested and that Bernhardt realised? We cannot find a trace of it, except in the Byzantine costumes and the gorgeous decorations. We have the shell, but where is the kernel of the play? Mr. Leonard Boyne as the maddened Andreas, Mr. Charles Cartwright as the dying Marcellus, and Mr. W. H. Vernon as the craven Emperor, helped the play along, and did their best to smother dramatic inconsistency and inefficiency. But what does it all matter, if the public wants nothing but dress and show? What does it matter, if artistic and literary London is to be attracted by "Theodora" with its main principle left out? When can we ever hope to improve our acting drama, if criticism and praise are to be seriously devoted to such amateurish efforts as these? We laugh at our French neighbours occasionally: but are we prepared to become a laughing-stock? No; let us honestly own that "Theodora" is beautifully done; but do not let us stultify ourselves by saying that it is even adequately acted. I can assure one of my brilliant confrères who has cleverly commented on this scene of enthusiasm that he was not the "only person in the house to whom the affair seemed alternately ludicrous and pathetic." But, then, we are a strange people, and in the matter of art the American showman system has much to answer for. It is astonishing how clever people can be bamboozled into stifling their candid opinion in the face of a clever "boom." When in doubt play Covent-Garden. The best trump in the pack is not literature, or art, or acting, but a bouncing bouquet! "Magnifique! Magnifique! Mais ce n'est pas la guerre!" Excellently well done, Mr. Syndicate, but it is not art! C. S.

Mr. Charles Haigh, of the North-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Scarborough, in succession to the late Mr. A. W. Simpson.

The Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, has contributed 100 guineas towards a fund that is being raised for the restoration of the fine old parish church of Linkinhorne, in that county.

The honour of knighthood has been bestowed on Mr. John Bridge, upon his appointment to the post of Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, in place of the late Sir James Ingham.

Mr. Mowlem Burt presided at the eighteenth anniversary dinner of the Provident Surgical Appliances Society. Subscriptions were acknowledged to the amount of £1404, Mr. Burt's list giving a total of £643.

Sir P. De Keyser was presented, on May 6, at the Mansion House with a silver épergne, and an address, in recognition of his services as President of the British Section at the Paris Exhibition.

The annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall on May 5. According to the annual report the total receipts of the society during the year amounted to £140,623, and the expenditure to £149,187.

Mr. W. H. Appleton (of Bradford), B.A., of University College, Oxford, has been appointed Professor of History at Firth College, Sheffield. At the same college Mr. W. C. F. Anderson, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, has been appointed Professor of Classics.

Lord Herschell presided at the annual meeting of the International Arbitration and Peace Association. He remarked that many disputes between countries arose from small causes having grown into serious matters. If they were taken in time and submitted to arbitration, money and bloodshed might be saved.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

It is a sign that the London Season has begun in earnest when the Prime Minister has indulged in after-dinner oratory with the Royal Academicians, and when carriages accumulate in the Ladies' Mile, and the lists of balls and of "at homes" become portentously long. The Marquis of Salisbury, it was admitted, was, at the Royal Academy banquet, as happy in speech as Lord Beaconsfield used to be at this annual function.

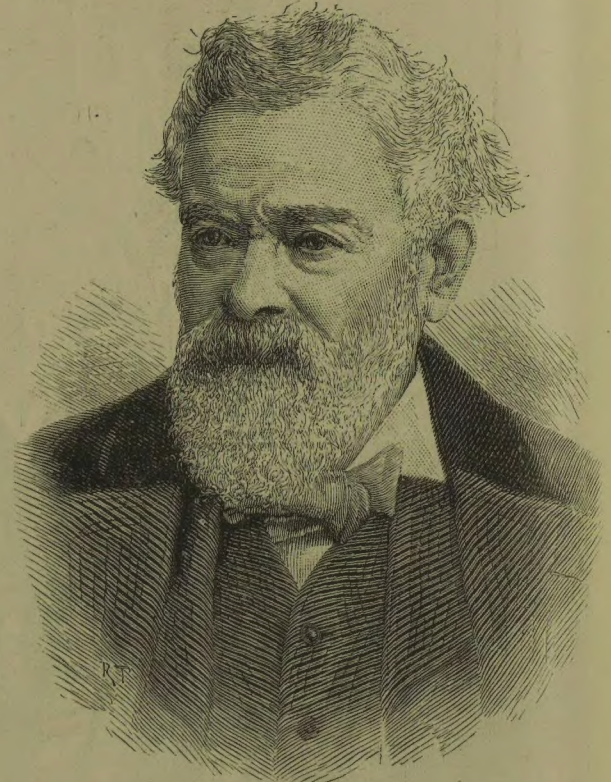
Within the walls of Parliament debates have not been lively. Mr. Herbert Gardner has prevailed upon the Commons to read the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill a second time by a majority of 67. It is in the Lords that the measure comes to grief. May Day had not only its labour demonstration in Hyde Park, but was also rendered memorable by the animated speech in which Mr. Balfour replied with effect to the adverse criticisms of his Land Purchase Bill for Ireland, which was sweepingly condemned by Mr. Sexton, and as firmly defended by the Marquis of Hartington, in a speech full of his usual common-sense, delivered with a vigour which showed how greatly he had benefited from his visit to Egypt. Mr. John Morley replied with energy as Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant. But the Ministerialists and the Liberal Unionists combined secured a good majority. There were 268 votes for and 348 against Mr. Parnell's amendment, the Government majority being 80.

The chief Ministerial measure of the Session having been read a second time, another important subject was considered on the Second of May. This was the question of the Church in Scotland. Dr. Cameron claimed that the majority of Scotsmen were on his side when he moved "That in the opinion of this House the Church of Scotland ought to be disestablished and disendowed." The resolution found a seconder in Mr. Esslemont, and an influential supporter in Mr. Gladstone; but was opposed by the Lord Advocate and Lord Hartington; and was negatived by a majority of 38 (218 for and 256 against).

Mr. Goschen's equanimity was not in the least disturbed by the various attacks made upon him on the Fourth of May. Sir George Campbell's threat of a hostile motion because the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to remove the design of St. George and the Dragon from the sovereign alarmed not the right hon. gentleman, though the Scottish Baronet did cause a grim smile to spread over Mr. Goschen's face when he accused him of being a Separatist for not substituting the arms of the three Kingdoms. Then, when a variety of objections to his Budget cropped up, and Sir William Harcourt complacently put forth an alternative scheme for the disposal of the Surplus, Mr. Goschen found safety in the numbers and diversity of the criticisms. The right hon. gentleman ably defended his own proposals, and (the Closure having been enforced by Mr. Smith) had the satisfaction of seeing his Customs and Inland Revenue Bill read a second time by a majority of 82. The Allotments Bill and Mr. Robert Reid's proposal to empower County Councils to purchase land for letting occupied the attention of the House the following evening; and the fact that Mr. Reid's resolution, to which a formal amendment was moved, was only lost by a majority of sixteen, could only be regarded, Mr. John Morley rightly pointed out, as significant of the class of subjects that would in future be brought up for discussion.

THE LATE MR. EDWIN WAUGH.

The people of the cotton-manufacturing villages and hamlets of East Lancashire, among the hills rising to Blackstone Edge and the Yorkshire Border, are a native race of strong characteristic disposition, cherishing their peculiar dialect and rustic manners, and gifted with a considerable share of humorous, imaginative, and musical faculty, as well as practical shrewdness. The late Edwin Waugh was one of those who, like the author of "Tim Bobbin," have turned the local dialect to literary account with some degree of success; but he, though born at Rochdale in 1817, was descended from a Northumberland Border family of "statesmen" or independent yeomen, and one ancestor was Bishop of Carlisle in the reign of Queen

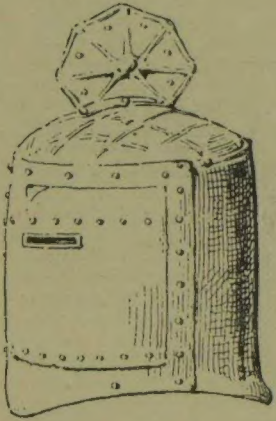


THE LATE MR. EDWIN WAUGH, THE LANCASHIRE POET.

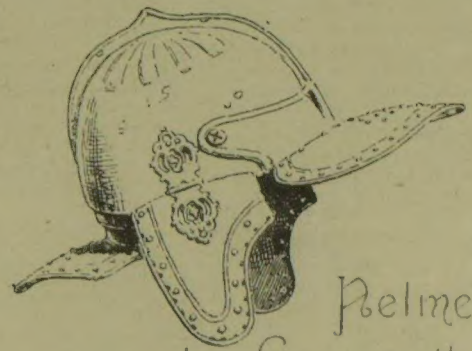
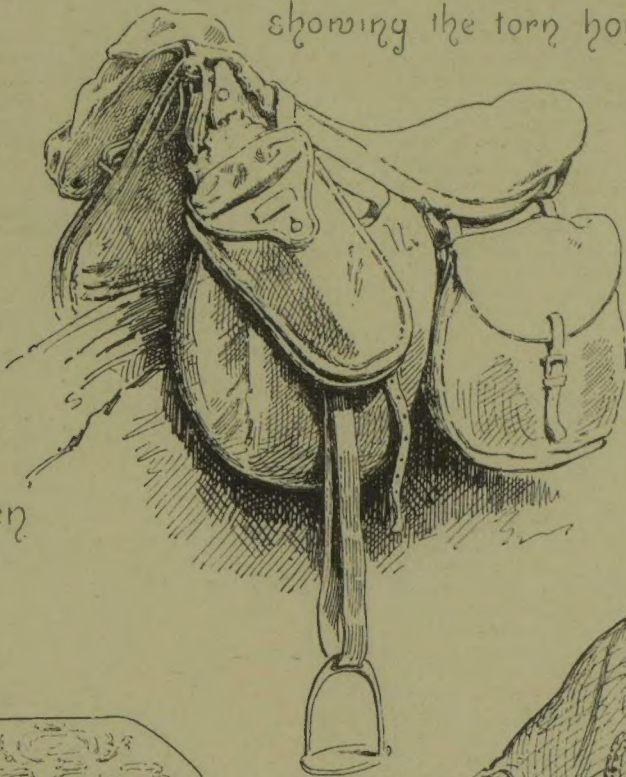
Anne. Edwin Waugh's father, however, was a shoemaker, who left a widow and several children in poverty, and Edwin was apprenticed to a printer. He began to write verse; and essays in the *Manchester Examiner* and *Times*, forty years ago, under the encouragement of the late Mr. H. B. Peacock and Mr. Alexander Ireland. About the year 1847 he obtained the appointment of assistant secretary to the Lancashire Public Schools' Association. His reputation as a poet chiefly rests on the popularity which attended the publication of a dialect song of which the words "Come whom to thi' childer an' me" were at once the title and the burden. Other successful efforts of the same kind followed, and so late as 1889 he published a volume of "Poems and Songs," showing no abatement of literary power. In 1876 his friends obtained for him a grant of £90 a year from the Civil List.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Warwick Brookes, of Manchester.

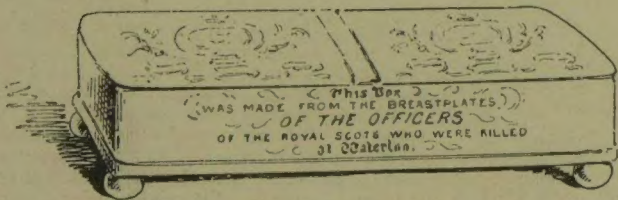
The Prince Imperials Saddle
showing the torn holster



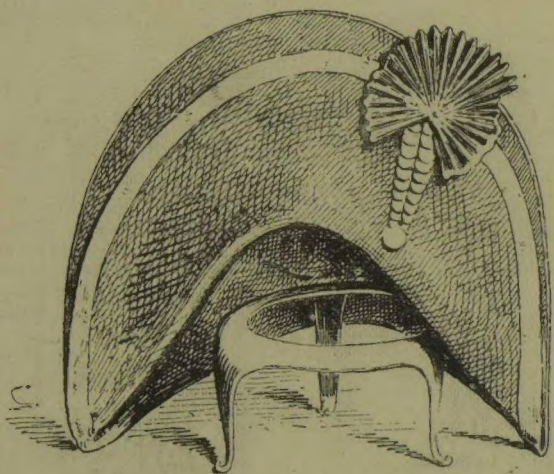
Helmet belonging
to Sir Richard Warren



Helmet
worn by Gromwell

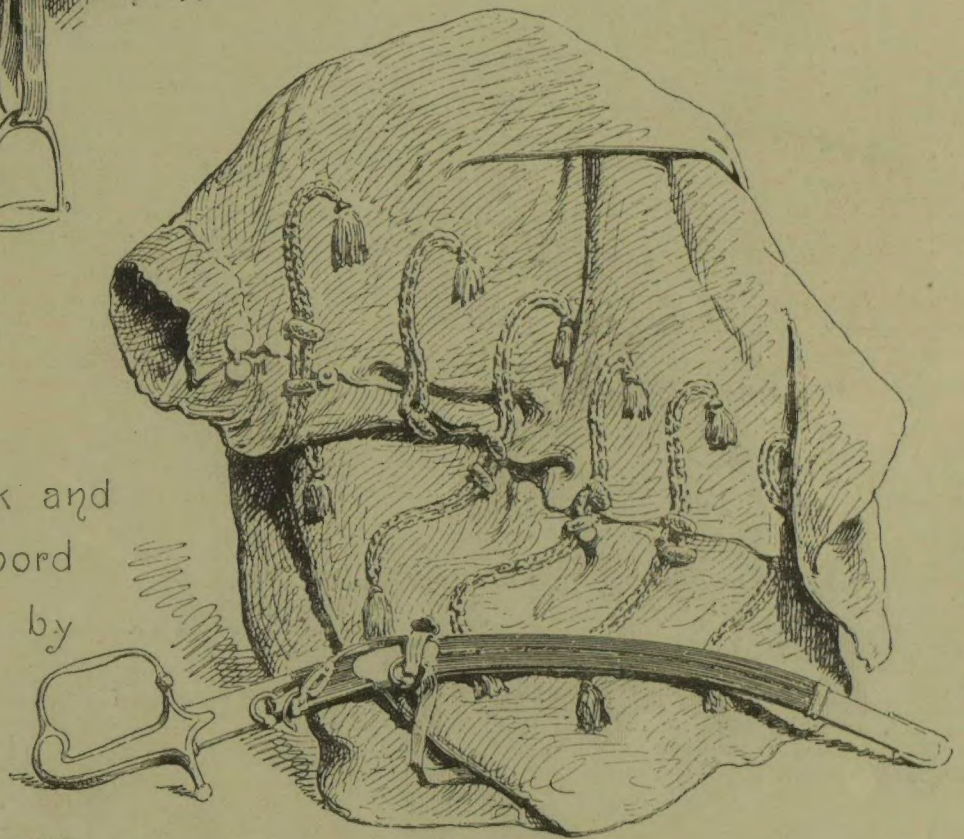


Silver Snuff Box.



Cocked hat worn by the
Royal Horse Guards 1795

Gloak and
Sword
worn by

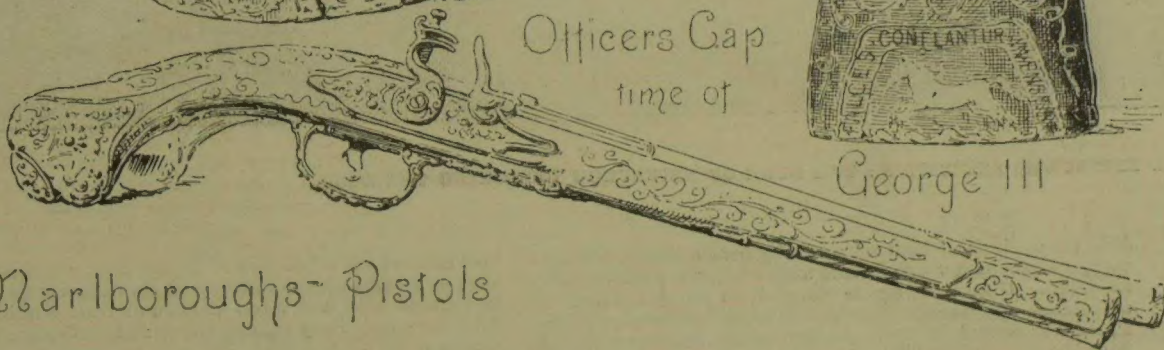


Wellington at Waterloo



Officers Cap
2nd Dragoons

"Scotch Greys"
1743



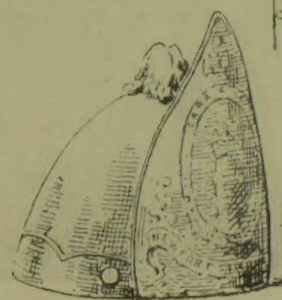
Marlborough's Pistols

Officers Cap
time of



George III

Sir Ralph Abercrombie's
Pistols



L' Infantry
Cap
time of George II.

Wilson



OPENING OF THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH UNLOCKING THE DOOR.

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

This Exhibition, which was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Wednesday, May 7, in the grounds of the Royal Military Hospital at Chelsea, contains many interesting historical relics of the past achievements of the British Army, besides weapons, artillery, tents, and articles of camp equipment, which will show the civilian spectator how modern campaigns and battles are managed. There is an interesting collection of pictures of famous scenes of warfare; and an antiquarian display of old arms and armour arrayed as trophies on the walls; uniforms of every period, from the leather jerkins and steel breastplates worn by bowmen at Agincourt down to the latest pattern of infantry tunic; and old regimental colours, shot, torn, and blood-stained, borne in past ages and in many countries. The uniforms of all our Oriental troops are here brought together in more systematic order than at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition a few years ago. The

different methods of land transport by horses, mules, bullock-waggons, elephants, camels, and native bearers are illustrated in detail. One building is devoted to an exhibition of ambulance appliances, under the direction of Surgeon-Major Pratt, who served as medical officer on the headquarters staff with the Nile Expedition. The representation of a battle-field scene has been arranged with figures of wounded soldiers lying behind earthworks, or stricken down in the jungle, or borne in cacolets on camels, mules, and elephants, or more comfortably accommodated in ambulance-waggons; and of surgeons performing their work under every difficulty incidental to campaigning. To enhance the realism of this scene, Mr. Rowland Ward has placed much material at the disposal of the Executive Committee, and Messrs. Tussaud have lent figures from their collection. The dummies for rougher handling in practical demonstrations are of "home" manufacture, and in the arrangement of these several army surgeons have been engaged. Close by this building tents are pitched to show

how soldiers are taken care of in the field, whether they have time to provide all the luxuries of standing camps, or have to be content with the latest pattern of *tente d'abri*, by which four men can carry canvas, poles, and tent-pegs, distributed among them so that each adds only two pounds and a quarter to the weight of his kit, and can rig up a tent to shelter themselves in little more than two minutes.

Our Illustrations, on the preceding page, comprise a few objects of historical interest: a pair of handsome silver-mounted pistols, which belonged to that great military commander the Duke of Marlborough; the Duke of Wellington's cloak and sword worn at Waterloo; a pair of pistols carried by Sir Ralph Abercrombie; helmets, from Warwick Castle, one said to be Cromwell's; old-fashioned headdresses of officers and soldiers in the last century; a snuffbox made from the metal of breastplates of officers killed at Waterloo; and the saddle of the Prince Imperial, who was killed in the Zulu War.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"Go, and do not speak to me again! . . . Go, I say!"

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER XVII.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

CONTRARY to all reasonable expectation, Alec Feilding called at Armorel's rooms the very next morning—and quite early in the morning, when it was not yet eleven. Armorel, however, had already gone out. He was received by Mrs. Elstree, who was, as usual, sitting, apparently asleep, by the fire.

"You have come in the hope of seeing Armorel alone, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes. You remember, Zoe," he replied quickly—she observed that he was pale and that he fidgeted nervously, and that his eyes, restless and scared, looked as if somebody was hunting him—"that we had a talk about it. You said you wouldn't make a row. You know you did. You consented."

"Oh, yes! I remember. I am to play another part, and quite a new one. You too are about to play a new part—one not generally desired—quite the stage villain." He made a gesture of impatience. "Consider, however," she went on quickly, before he could speak. "Do you think this morning—the day after yesterday—quite propitious for your purpose?"

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly. "Why not the day after yesterday?"

"Nothing. Still, if I might advise"—

"Zoe, you know nothing at all. And time presses. If there

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was reason, a week ago, for me to be the reputed and accepted lover of this girl, there is tenfold more reason now. You don't know, I say. For Heaven's sake don't spoil things now by any interference."

He was at least in earnest. Mrs. Elstree contemplated him with curiosity. It seemed as if she had never seen him really in earnest before. But now she understood. He knew by this time that Armorel had discovered the source, the origins, of his greatness. She might destroy him by a word. This knowledge would pierce the hide of the most pachydermatous: his strength, you see, was like that of Samson—it depended on a secret: it also now resembled that of Samson in that it lay at the mercy of a woman.

"Alec," said Mrs. Elstree, softly, "you were greatly moved last night by several things. By the play: by the picture: by the song. I watched you. While the rest were listening to the play I watched you. The room was dark, and you thought no one could see you. But I could make out your features. Armorel watched you too, but for other motives. I was wondering. She was triumphant. You know why?"

"What do you know?"

"Your face, which is generally so well under command, expressed surprise, rage, disgust, and terror—all these passions, dear Alec. On the stage we study how to express them. We represent an exaggeration so that the gallery shall understand, and we call it Art. But I know the symptoms."

"What else do you know, I ask?"

"This morning you are nervous and agitated. You are afraid of something. Alec, you know what I think of the cruelty and hardheartedness of this project of yours—to sustain your credit on an engagement which will certainly not last a month—I could not possibly suffer the girl to be entangled longer than that—now give it over."

"I cannot give it over: it is my only chance. Zoe, you don't know the mischief she has done me, and will do me again. It is ruin—ruin!"

"Well then, Alec, don't go after her to-day. Indeed, I advise you not. You are not in a condition to approach the subject, and she is not in a condition to be approached. I do not ask your reasons, or the kind of mischief you mean. I sit here and watch. In the course of time I find out all things."

"How much do you know, Zoe? What have you found out?"

"Knowledge, Alec, is power. Should I part in a moment, and for nothing, with what I have acquired at the expense of a great deal of contriving and putting together? Certainly not. You can go and find Armorel, if you persist in choosing such a day for such a purpose. She has gone, I believe, to the National Gallery."

"I must find her to-day. I must bring things to a head. Good Heavens! I don't know what new mischief they may be designing."

"Go home and wait, Alec. No one will do anything to you to-day. You are nervous and excited."

"You don't understand, I say. Tell me, did the men talk last night—about me—in your hearing?"

"Not in my hearing, certainly. Go home and rest, Alec."

"I cannot rest. I must find the girl."

"Well, if you want her—go and find her. Alec, remember, if you stood the faintest chance of success with her, I think I should have to get up and warn her. Even for your sake I do not think I could suffer this wickedness to be done. But you have no chance—none—not on any day, particularly on this day—and after last night. Go, however—go."

When things have gone so far that assignations and appointments are made and places of secret meeting agreed upon, there is hardly any place in the whole of London more central, more convenient, or safer than the National Gallery. Here the young lady of society may be perfectly certain of remaining undiscovered. At the South Kensington no one is quite safe, because in the modern enthusiasm for art all kinds of people—even people in society—sometimes go there to see embroideries and hangings, and handiwork of every sort. The India Museum is perhaps safer even than the National Gallery—safer, for such a purpose, than any other spot in the world. But there is a loneliness in its galleries which strikes a chill to the most ardent heart, and damps the spirit of the most resolute lover.

In the National Gallery there are plenty of people: but they are all country visitors, or Americans, or copyists: never any people of the young lady's own set: and there is never any crowd. One can sit and talk undisturbed and quiet: the copyists chatter or go on with their work regardless of anything: the attendants slumber: the visitors pass round room after room, looking for pictures which have a story to tell—and a story which they can read. That, you see, is the only kind of picture—unless it be a picture of a pretty face—which the ordinary visitor commonly understands. Not many young people know of this place, and those who do keep the knowledge to themselves. The upper rooms of the British Museum are also commended by some for the same reason, but the approaches are difficult.

This use of the National Gallery once understood, the thing which happened here the day after the reading of the play will not seem incredible, though it certainly was not intended by the architect when he designed the building. Otherwise there might have been convenient arbours.

Armored went often to the Gallery: the English girl reserves, as a rule, her study of pictures, and art generally, till she gets to Florence. Armored, who had also studied art in Florence, found much to learn in our own neglected Gallery. Sometimes she went alone: sometimes she went with Effie, and then, being quite a learned person in the matter of pictures and their makers, she would discourse from room to room, till the day was all too short. The country visitors streamed past her in languid procession: the lovers met by appointment at her very elbow: the copyists flirted, talked scandal, wasted time, and sighed for commissions: but Armored had not learned to watch people: she came to see the pictures: she had not begun to detach an individual from the crowd as a representative: in other words, she was not a novelist.

This morning she was alone. She carried a notebook and pencil, and was standing before a picture making notes. It was a wet morning: the rooms were nearly empty, and the galleries were very quiet.

She heard a manly step striding across the floor. She half turned as it approached her. Mr. Alec Feilding took off his hat.

"Mrs. Elstree told me you were here," he said. "I ventured to follow."

"Yes?"

"You—you—come often, I believe?" He looked pale, and, for the first time in Armored's recollection of him, he was nervous. "There is, I believe, a good deal to be learned here."

"There is, especially by those who want to paint—of course, I mean—who want to do their own paintings by themselves. Mr. Feilding, frankly, what do you want? Why do you come here in search of me?" Her face hardened: her eyes were cold and resolved. But the man was full of himself: he noted not these symptoms.

"I came because I have something to say."

"Of importance?"

"Of great importance."

"Not, I hope, connected with Art. Do not talk to me about Art, if you please, Mr. Feilding—not about any kind of Art."

He bowed gravely. "One cannot always listen to conversation involving canons and first principles," he said, with much condescension. "Let me, however, congratulate you on the promise of your protégés, Archie and Effie Wilmot."

"They are clever."

"They are distinctly clever," he repeated, recovering his usual self-possession. "Effie, as perhaps she has told you, has been my pupil for a long time."

"She has told me, in fact, something about her relations to you."

"Yes." The man was preoccupied and rather dense by nature. Therefore he caught only imperfectly these side meanings in Armored's replies: "Yes—quite so—I have been able to be useful to her, and to her brother also—very useful, indeed, happily."

"And to—to others—as well—very useful, indeed," Armored echoed.

He understood that there was some kind of menace in these words. But the very air, this morning, was full of menace. He passed them by.

"It is a curious coincidence that you should also have taken up this interesting pair. It ought to bring us closer."

"Quite the contrary, Mr. Feilding. It puts us far more widely apart."

"I do not understand that. We have a common interest. For instance, only the other day I accepted a poem of Effie's."

"Only the other day, Mr. Feilding?"

"Yes, the day before yesterday. I had it set up, and I added a few words introducing the writer. That was the day before yesterday. Judge of my astonishment when, only yesterday, you sang that very song, and handed it round printed with the accompaniment. I have made no alteration. The verses will appear to-night, with my laudatory introduction. Some men might complain that they had not been taken into confidence. But I do not. Effie is a little genius in her way. She is not practical: she does not understand that having disposed of her verses to one editor she is not free to give them to another. But I do not complain, if your action in her cause brings her into notice."

Here was a turning of tables! Now, some men overdo a thing. They smile too much: they rub their hands nervously: they show a nervous anxiety to be believed. Not so this man. He spoke naturally—he had now recovered his usual equanimity: he looked blankly unconscious that any doubt could possibly be thrown upon his word. Since he said it, the thing

must be so. Men of honour have always claimed and exacted this concession. Therefore, the following syllogism:—

Mr. Alec Feilding is a man of honour:

Everybody must acknowledge so much.

A man of honour cannot lie:

Else—what becomes of his honour?

Therefore:

Any statement made by Mr. Alec Feilding is literally true.

Armored showed no doubt in her face. Why should she? There was no doubt in her mind. The man was a Liar.

"The Wilmots will get on," she said coldly, "without any help from anybody. Now, Mr. Feilding, you came to say something important to me. Shall we go on to that important communication?" She took a seat on the divan in the middle of the room. He stood over her. "There is no one here this morning," she said. "You can speak as freely as in your own study."

"Among your many fine qualities, Miss Rosevean," he began floridly, but with heightened colour, "a certain artistic reserve is reckoned by your friends, perhaps, the highest. It makes you queenly."

"Mr. Feilding, I cannot possibly discuss my own qualities with any but my friends."

"Your friends! Surely, I also!"

"My friends, Mr. Feilding," Armored repeated, bristling like the fretful porcupine. But the man, preoccupied and thick of skin, and full of vainglory and conceit, actually did not perceive these quills erect. Armored's pointed remarks did not prick his hide: her coldness he took for her customary reserve. Therefore he hurried to his doom.

"Give me," he said, "the right to speak to you as your dearest friend. You cannot possibly mistake the attentions that I have paid to you for the last few weeks. They must have indicated to you—they were, indeed, deliberately designed to indicate—a preference—deepening into a passion."

"I think you had better stop at once, Mr. Feilding."

There are many men who honestly believe that they are irresistible. It seems incredible, but it is really true. It is the consciousness of masculine superiority carried to an extreme. They think that they have only to repeat the conventional words in the conventional manner for the woman to be subjugated. They come: they conquer. Now, this man, who plainly saw that he was to a certain extent—he did not know how far—detected, actually imagined that the woman who had detected him in a gigantic fraud one day would accept his proffered hand and heart the very next day! There are no bounds, you see, to personal vanity. Besides, for this man, if it was necessary that he should appear as the accepted suitor of a rich girl, it was doubly necessary that the girl should be the one woman in the world who could do mischief. He was anxious to discover how much she knew. But of his wooing he had no anxiety at all. He should speak: she would yield: she could do nothing else.

"Permit me," he replied blandly, "to go on. I am, as you know, a leader in the world of Art. I am known as a painter, poet, and a writer of fiction. I have other ambitions still."

"Doubtless you will succeed in these as you have succeeded in those three Arts."

"Thank you." He really did not see the meaning of her words. "I take your words as of happy augury. Armored!"

"No, Sir! Not my Christian name, if you please."

"Give me the right to call you by your Christian name."

"You are asking me to marry you. Is that what you mean?"

"It is nothing less."

"Really! When I tell you, Mr. Feilding, that I know you—that I know you—it will be plain to you that the thing is absolutely impossible."

"To know me," he replied, showing no outward emotion, "should make it more than possible. What could I wish better than to be known to you?"

She looked him full in the face. He neither dropped his eyes nor changed colour.

"What could be better for me?" he repeated. "What could I hope for better than to be known?"

"Oh! This man is truly wonderful!" she cried. "Must I tell you what I know?"

"It would be better, perhaps. You look as if you knew something to my—actually—if I may say so—actually to my discredit!"

Armored gasped. His impudence was colossal.

"To your discredit! Oh! Actually to your discredit! Sir, I know the whole of your disgraceful history—the history of the past three or four years. I know by what frauds you have passed yourself off as a painter and as a poet. I know by what pretences you thought to lay the foundation for a reputation as a dramatist. I know that your talk is borrowed—that you do not know Art when you see it: that you could never write a single line of verse—and that of all the humbugs and quacks that ever imposed themselves upon the credulity of people you are the worst and biggest."

He stared with a wonder which was, at least, admirably acted.

"Good Heavens!" he said. "These words—these accusations—from you? From Armored Rosevean—cousin of my cousin—whom I had believed to be a friend? Can this be possible? Who has put this wonderful array of charges into your head?"

"That matters nothing. They are true, and you know it."

"They are so true," he replied sternly, "that if anyone were to dare to repeat these things before a third person, I should instantly—instantly—instruct my solicitors to bring an action for libel. Remember: youth and sex would not avail to protect that libeller. If anyone—anyone—dares, I say!"

"Oh! say no more. Go, and do not speak to me again! What will be done with this knowledge, I cannot say. Perhaps it will be used for the exposure which will drive you from the houses of honest people. Go, I say!"

She stamped her foot and raised her voice, inasmuch that two drowsy attendants woke up and looked round, thinking they had dreamed something unusual.

The injured man of Art and Letters obeyed. He strode away. He, who had come pale and hesitating, now, on learning the truth which he had suspected and on receiving this unmistakable rejection, walked away with head erect and lofty mien. He showed, at least by outward bearing, the courage which is awakened by a declaration of war.

PART II.—CHAPTER XVIII.

CONGRATULATIONS.

In the afternoon of the same day Armored received a visit from a certain Lady Frances, of whom mention has already been made. She was sitting in her own room, alone. The excitements of the last night and of the morning were succeeded by a gentle melancholy. These things had not been expected when she took her rooms and plunged into London life. Besides, after these excitements the afternoon was flat.

Lady Frances came in, dressed beautifully, gracious and cordial; she took both Armored's hands in her own, and looked as if she would have kissed her but for conscientious scruples: she was five-and-forty, or perhaps fifty, fat, comfortable, and rosy-cheeked. And she began to talk volubly. Not in the common and breathless way of volubility which leaves out the stops; but steadily and irresistibly, so that her companion should not be able to get in one single word. Well-bred persons do not leave out their commas and their full stops: but they do sometimes talk continuously, like a cataract or a Westmoreland Force, at least.

"My dear," she said, "I told your maid that I wanted to see you alone, and in your own room. She said Mrs. Elstree was out. So I came in. It is a very pretty little room. They tell me you play wonderfully. This is where you practise, I suppose." She put up her glasses and looked round, as if to see what impression had been produced on the walls by the music. "And I hear also that you paint and draw. My dear, you are the very person for him." Again she looked round. "A very pretty room, really—wonderful to observe how the taste for decoration and domestic art has spread of late years!" A doubtful compliment, when you consider it. "Well, my dear, as an old friend of his—at all events, a very useful friend of his—I am come to congratulate you."

"To congratulate me?"

"Yes. I thought I would be one of the first. I asked him two or three days ago if it was settled, and he confessed the truth, but begged me not to spread it abroad, because there were lawyers and people to see. Of course, his secrets are mine. And, except my own very intimate friends and one or two who can be perfectly trusted, I don't think I have mentioned the thing to a soul. I dare say, however, the news is all over the town by this time. Wonderful how things get carried—a bird of the air—the flying thistle down!"

"I do not understand, Lady Frances."

"My dear, you need not pretend, because he confessed. And I think you are a very lucky girl to catch the cleverest man in all London, and he certainly is a lucky man to catch such a pretty girl as you. They say that he has got through all his money—men of genius are always bad men of business—but your own fortune will set him up again—a hundred thousand, I am told—mind you have it all settled on yourself. No one knows what may happen. I could tell you a heart-rending story of a girl who trusted her lover with her money. But your lawyers will, of course, look after that."

"I assure you!"

"He tells me," the lady went on, without taking any notice of the interruption, "that the thing will not come off for some time yet. I wouldn't keep it waiting too long, if I were you. Engagements easily get stale. Like buns. Well, I suppose you have learned all his secrets by this time: of course he is madly in love, and can keep nothing from you."

"Indeed?"

"Has he told you yet who writes his stories for him? Eh? Has he told you that?" The lady bent forward and lowered her voice, and spoke earnestly. "Has he told you?"

"I assure you that he has told me nothing—and!"

"That is in reality what I came about. Because, my dear, there must be a little plain speaking."

"Oh! but let me speak—I!"

"When I have said what I came to say"—Lady Frances motioned with her hand gently but with authority—"then you shall have your turn. Men are so foolish that they tell their sweethearts everything. The chief reason why they fall in love, I believe, is a burning desire to have somebody to whom they can tell everything. I know a man who drove his wife mad by constantly telling her all his difficulties. He was always swimming in difficulties. Well, Alec is bound to tell you before long, even if he has not told you yet, which I can hardly believe. Now, my dear child, it matters very little to him if all the world knew the truth. All the world, to be sure, credits him with those stories, though he has been very careful not to claim them. He knows better. I say to such a clever man as Alec a few stories, more or less, matters nothing. But it matters a great deal to me"—what was this person talking about?—"because, you see, if it were to come out that I had been putting together old family scandals and forgotten stories, and sending them to the papers—there would be—there would be—Heaven knows what there would be! Yes, my dear—you can tell Alec that you know—I am the person who has written those stories. I wrote them, every one. They are all family stories—every good old family has got thousands of stories, and I have been collecting them—some of my own people, some of my husband's, and some of other people—and writing them down, changing names, and scenes, and dates, so that they should not be identified except by the few who knew them."

Armored made no further attempt to stem the tide of communication.

"I have come to make you understand clearly, young lady, that it is not his secret alone, but mine. You would do him a little harm, perhaps—I don't know—by letting it out, but you would do me an infinity of harm. I write them down, you see, and I take them to Alec, and he alters them—puts the style right—or says he does—though I never see any difference in them when they come out in the paper. And everybody who knows the story asks how in the name of wonder he got it."

"Oh! But I do assure you that I know nothing at all of this."

"Don't you? Well, never mind. Now you do know. And you know also that you can't talk about it, because it is his secret as well as mine. Why, you don't suppose that the man really does all he says he does, do you? Nobody could. It isn't in nature. Everybody who knows anything at all agrees that there must be a ghost—perhaps more than one. I'm the story ghost. I dare say there's a picture ghost, and a poetry ghost. He's a wonderful clever man, no doubt—it's the cleverest thing in the world to make other people work for you; but don't imagine, pray, that he can write stories of society. Bourgeois stories—about the middle class—his own class—perhaps; but not stories about us. My stories belong to the inner ring. Well, my dear, that is off my mind. Remember that this secret would do a great deal of harm to him as well as to me if it were to get about."

"Oh! You are altogether—wholly—wrong!"

"My dear, I really do not care if I am wrong. You will not, however, damage his reputation by letting out his secrets? A wife can help her husband in a thousand ways, and especially in keeping up the little deceptions. Thousands of wives, I am told, pass their whole lives in the pretence that they and their husbands are gentlefolk. Alec has been received into a few good houses; and though it is, of course, more difficult to get a woman in than a man, I will really do what I can for you. With a good face, good eyes, a good figure, and a little addition of style, you ought to get on very well by degrees. Or you might take the town by storm, and become a professional beauty."

"Thank you—but!"

"And there's another thing. As an old friend of Alec's, I feel that I can give advice to you. Let me advise you earnestly, my dear, to make all the haste you can to get rid

of your companion. I know all about it. She was sent to your lawyer's by Alec himself. Why? Well, it is an old story, and I suppose he wanted to place her comfortably—or he had some other reason. He's always been a crafty man. You can see that in his eyes."

"Oh! But I cannot listen to this!" cried Armorel.

"Nonsense, my dear. You do not expect your husband to be an angel, I suppose. Only silly middle-class girls who read novels do that. It will do you no harm to know that the man is no better than his neighbours. And I am sure he is no worse. I am speaking, in fact, for your own good. My dear child, Alec ran after the woman years ago. She was rich then, and used to go about. Certain houses do not mind who enter within their gates. They lived in Palace-gardens, and Monsieur le Papa was rich—oh! rich *à millions*—and the daughter was sugar-sweet and as innocent as an angel—fluffy hair, all tangled and rebellious—you know the kind—and large blue, wondering eyes, generally lowered until the time came for lifting them in the faces of young men. It was deadly, my dear. I believe she might have married anybody she pleased. There was the young Earl of Silchester—he wanted her. What a fool she was not to take him! No; she was spoony on Alec Feilding!"

"Oh! I must not!" cried Armorel again.

"My dear, I'm telling you. Her papa went smash—poor thing!—a grand, awful, impossible smash; other people's money mixed up in it. A dozen workhouses were filled with the victims, I believe. That kind of smash out of which it is impossible to pull yourself anyhow. Killed himself, therefore. Went out of the world without invitation by means of a coarse, vulgar, common piece of twopenny rope, tied round his great fat neck. I remember him. What did the girl do? Ran away from society: went on the stage as one of a travelling company. Why, I saw her myself three years ago at Leamington. I knew her instantly. 'Aha!' I said, 'there's Miss Fluffy, with the appealing, wondering eyes. Poor thing! Here is a come down in the world!' Now I find her here—your companion—a widow—widow of one Jerome Elstree deceased—artist, I am told. I never heard of the gentleman, and I confess I have my doubts as to his existence at all."

Armorel ceased to offer any further opposition to the stream.

"The innocent, appealing blue eyes: the childish face: oh! I remember. My dear, I hope you will not have any reason to be jealous of Mrs. Elstree. But take care. There were other girls, too, now I come to think about it. There was his cousin, Philippa Rosevean. Everybody knows that he went as far with her as a man can go, short of an actual engagement. Canon Langley, of St. Paul's, wants to marry her. She's an admirable person for an ecclesiastical dignitary's wife—beautiful, cold, and dignified. But, as yet, she has not accepted him. They say he will be a Bishop. And they say she loves her cousin Alec still. Women are generally dreadful fools about men. But I don't know. I don't think, if I were you, I should be jealous of Philippa. There's another little girl, too, I have seen coming out of his studio. But she's only a model, or something. If you begin to be jealous about the models, there will be no end. Then, there are hundreds of girls about town—especially those who can draw and paint a little, or write a silly little song—who think they are greatly endowed with genius, and would give their heads to get your chance. You are a lucky girl, Miss Armorel Rosevean; but I would advise you, in order to make the most of your good fortune, to change your companion quickly. Persuade her to try the climate of Australia. Else, there may be family jars."

Here she stopped. She had said what was in her mind. Whether she came to say this out of the goodness of her heart; or whether she intended to make a little mischief between the girl and her lover; or whether she supposed Armorel to be a young lady who accepts a lover with no illusions as to imaginary perfections, so that a new weakness discovered here and there would not lower him in her opinion, I cannot say. Lady Frances was generally considered a good-natured kind of person, and certainly she had no illusions about perfection in any man.

"May I speak now?" asked Armorel.

"Certainly, my dear. It was very good of you to hear me patiently. And I've said all I wanted to. Keep my secret, and get rid of your companion, and I'll take you in hand."

"Thank you. But you would not suffer me to explain that you are entirely mistaken. I am not engaged to Mr. Feilding at all."

"But he told me that you were."

"Yes; but he also tells the world, or allows the world to believe, that he writes your stories. I am not engaged to Mr. Feilding, Lady Frances, and, what is more, I never shall be engaged to that man—never!"

"Have you quarrelled already?"

"We have not quarrelled, because before people quarrel they must be on terms of some intimacy. We have never been more than acquaintances."

"Well—but—child—he has been seen with you constantly. At theatres, at concerts, in the park, in galleries—everywhere he has been walking with you as if he had the right."

"I could not help that. Besides, I never thought—"

"Never thought? Why, where were you brought up? Never thought? Good gracious! what do young ladies go into society for?"

"I am not a young lady of society, I am afraid."

"Well—but—what was your companion about to allow—oh!" Lady Frances nodded her head—"Oh! now I understand. Now one can understand why he got her placed here. Now one understands her business. My dear, you have been placed in a very dangerous position—most dangerous. Your guardians or lawyers are very much to blame. And you really never suspected anything?"

"How should I suspect? I was always told that Mr. Feilding was not the man to begin that kind of thing."

"Were you? Your companion told you that, I suppose?"

"Oh! I suppose so. There seems a horrid network of deception all about me, Lady Frances." Armorel rose, and her visitor followed her example. "You have put a secret into my hands. I shall respect it. Henceforth, I desire but one more interview with this man. Oh! he is all lies—through and through. There is no part of him that is true."

"Nonsense, my dear. You take things too seriously. We all have our little reservations, and some deceptions are necessary. When you get to my age you will understand. Why won't you marry the man? He is young: his manners are pretty good: he is a man of the world: he is really clever: he is quite sure to get on, particularly if his wife help him. He means to get on. He is the kind of man to get on. You see he is clever enough to take the credit of other people's work: to make others work for you is the first rule in the art of getting on. Oh! he will do. I shall live to see him made a baronet, and in the next generation his son will marry money, and go up into the Lords. That is the way. My dear, you had better take him. You will never get a more promising offer. You seem to me rather an unworldly kind of girl. You should really take advice of those who know the world."

"I could never—never—marry Mr. Feilding."

"Wealth, position, society, rank, consideration—these are the only things in life worth having, and you are going to throw them away! My dear, is there actually nothing between you at all? Was it all a fib?"

"Actually nothing at all, except that he offered himself to me this very morning, and he received an answer which was, I hope, plain enough."

"Ah! Now I see." Lady Frances laughed. "Now I understand, my dear, the vanity of the man! The creature, when he told me that fib, thought it was the truth because he had made up his mind to ask you, and, of course, he concluded that no one could say No to him. Now I understand. You need not fall into a rage about it, my dear. It was only his vanity. Poor dear Alec! Well, he'll get another pretty girl, I dare say, but, my dear, I doubt whether—rising men are scarce, you know. Good-bye, child! Keep that little secret, and don't bear malice. The vanity—the vanity of the men! Wonderful! wonderful!"

"And now," cried Armorel, alone—"now there is nothing left. Everything has been torn from him. He can do nothing—nothing. The cleverest man—the very cleverest man in all London!"

(To be continued.)

A ROMAN RELIC IN EAST YORKSHIRE.

In January last a man ploughing in a field called Rowdales, adjoining "the Cliffs," near South Cave, on the old Roman road leading to Brough, East Yorkshire, the Roman station where a ferry crossed the Humber, came upon a pig of lead, measuring 22 in. in length, 5½ in. in breadth, 4½ in. in depth, weighing 9 st. 9 lb., which bears the following inscription in raised letters: C-IVL-PROTI-BRIT-LVT-EX-ARG. A portion of the block appears to have been cut off, but fortunately without defacing the inscription. An account of it having been submitted to Mr. Haverfield, a well-known authority on Roman inscriptions in England, he replied that it was no doubt a relic of the Roman lead trade. About



A ROMAN PIG OF LEAD DISCOVERED AT SOUTH CAVE, EAST YORKSHIRE.

seventy inscribed pigs of lead have been found in various parts of the Roman Empire, of which forty-six have been found in our island, and a few of the others—for instance, one lately found near Boulogne—may have been the product of British mines. Some bear the Roman Emperor's name, others the names of private individuals, probably the lessees of the mines. The title may be expanded: Caii Iulii Proti Britannicum Lutidense ex argento—that is (the lead of), C. Julius Protus, British (lead) from Lutidæ, prepared from silver. C. Julius Protus was the capitalist who worked the mines, and the mine itself was at Lutidæ, a place which was probably in South Derbyshire. The lead is said to have been prepared from silver, because the silver was always extracted, and the more valuable metal gave the name. The block of lead recently found is now in the possession of Mr. C. E. G. Barnard of South Cave Castle, who intends sending it to the British Museum.

Our illustration is from a photograph communicated to us by Mr. W. Richardson, of Hull.

ART MAGAZINES.

The May number of the *Magazine of Art* opens with a criticism by Mr. Spielman on some of the pictures to be exhibited in the exhibition of the Royal Academy opening this month. Mr. Walter Armstrong contributes a paper on the National Gallery of Ireland, illustrated with engravings of several of the finest examples of Italian art the gallery possesses. Mr. Joseph Pennell's Rhone sketches are charming, rapid pencil sketches simply, done from the deck of a Rhone steamer in a day's tour, but full of so much character and feeling. Mr. W. Rossetti continues his "Portraits of Robert Browning": the most interesting examples engraved are a bronze medallion by M. Gustave Natorp, and a profile portrait by Professor Legros, both dated 1888.

The *Art Journal* devotes most of its space this month to the summer exhibitions in a criticism, profusely illustrated with reproductions of pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy, New English Art Club, and at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, Messrs. McLean and Co., and Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons. A paper on Winchester College is delightfully illustrated by Mr. Percy Robertson, Mr. C. L. Hind continues his series of "Painters' Studios," and Mr. W. J. Loftie writes of the Royal Palace of Kensington.

Mr. A. W. Pinero has consented to read his play of "The Profligate" in the theatre of the Birkbeck Institution, Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, on Friday evening, May 16. The entire proceeds will be devoted to purchasing books for the library of the institution.

A Reuter's telegram from Sydney says: "The sculling match for the championship of the world and £200 a side, which was rowed over the championship course on the Parramatta River, between Peter Kemp and Neil Matterson, resulted in the victory of the former. Both the competitors are New South Wales men."

At the sixty-first anniversary meeting of the Zoological Society of London, held at their offices in Hanover-square, the report for the year 1889, read by Mr. Selater (secretary), stated that the number of fellows on Jan. 1 was 3075. The total receipts for 1889 amounted to £26,427. The ordinary expenditure for 1889 was £22,683, besides an extraordinary expenditure of £545 which had been incurred, bringing up the total expenditure for the year to £23,228. The visitors to the gardens during 1889 numbered 644,679. The school children admitted free during the year were 36,464. The number of animals in the society's collection on Dec. 31 last was 2232, of which 519 were mammals, 1411 birds, and 302 reptiles. An important change in the staff of the gardens took place in 1889 owing to the retirement of Mr. Benjamin Misselbrook, the head keeper, after sixty years' service. As his successor in this important office the council have selected Mr. Arthur Thomson, who filled various positions in the society's gardens during the past twenty years.

"BY THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND."

The weather? Nonsense! Folk who come to the Highlands will enjoy little if they heed the rain, and as for the wind—unless it be a dead eastern gale bringing with it across country a grey "har" from the North Sea—it only brightens eye and cheek, and makes the blood dance in the heart more gallantly. Never dream of playing the hermit indoors on such a morning. Look at the mountain-sides veiling and unveiling their far panorama up the loch, as the driving curtains of rain sweep across, chased by gleams of glittering sunshine. And listen; through the fresh rain-showers and the sweet-breathed wind throble and merle are piping their mellowest. On with cape and cap, therefore, sally forth, and laugh back the glad weather of shower and shine.

The road to the loch will be somewhat dirty, though, with the wet; and the pony will be none the worse of an airing. Willingly he takes collar and bit, knowing well enough the scamper down through the fragrant spring woods and the wet hedgerow greenery that is before him. Buckle the breeching straps and shake out the reins, and never a word will be needed to set him merrily off with tossing mane and spanking step along the shine and shadow of the roads. Gaily the trotting hoofs sound down the glenside and over the ivied bridge; and under the edge of the hanging woods, where the long larch fringes wave green overhead, a melody is made by the ring of the rushing wheels.

Tiny grey rabbits, a few weeks old, scurry away from the pony's feet; speckled thrushes rise from the hedge and drift off, brown flakes, to a farther coppice; and among the dark spruce branches in the wood a wild pigeon for a moment ceases his passionate cooing to listen. Faint fresh scents of moss and fern come from the depths of the plantations, and once and again there drifts on the air the fragrant breath of the pines.

Out suddenly into the open, and the loch lies gleaming and glooming below, ruffled dark with sapphire shadows by the wind, and laughing near and far into pearls of foam. Rain-showers here and there trail their skirts along the hills, like the grey sisters of some mountain nunnery; and sometimes at hand, the wind by chance blowing a grey nun's veil aside, the sun lights up for a moment's space the flashing rain-jewels of a princess. Shadow and shine, rush of rain and ripple of waves, with a brave blossom-scented breeze in the nostrils, it is worth the wetting of a week to draw a breath on the spot. Happy the lot of the maidens who come out to the farm door here—daughters of the woodland and the waters, with the blue loch shadows dreaming in their eyes and the brown gold of the autumn woods asleep in their hair. Many a sight is theirs of rare storm-splendours among the islands, many a vision of mystic moonlight upon the bens. Such as one of these was the sad sweet lass long ago, who, when the white cockades marched north again, and so many brave Highland lads lay buried in their plaids below English lea, sang her sorrowful lament—

I and my true love will never meet again

By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

The men of the farm this morning are out among the showers, setting seed in the tilled land of the rocky strath; but Ian here, with his boyish readiness, will look to the pony. Next, for the boat, a shoulder to its side sends the bilge-water out in a flood; and a bottle of warm milk and a basketful of snowy scones from the hand of the fair Alison furnish the locker.

A push from the bank with an oar, and up with the bellying sail, and away goes the little craft dashing into the waves of the loch. Gallantly she dances through the driving spray, lifting and curling on the longer swell and plunging her bows deep among white wreaths of foam; while the waters make music, rushing astern, and the wind sings steadily about the mast. How the black gusts tear the water as they come, and the mast-stays quiver and tighten under the strain! With a foot on the lee gunwale, and a bight of the rope under keel, it is all one can do at times to hold in the sheet. A steady look-out, too, is needed all the while to ease the sail as the gusts strike. Many a pleasure argosy has gone to the bottom here for lack of a little care. Over yonder at Luss the last Sir James Colquhoun himself with a boatload of deer one Christmas went out of sight behind the islands and was seen no more.

A mile and a quarter in eight minutes, and the boat's keel grates on the islet beach. The islet is only a few yards across, and the waves rage about it and the wind roars riot in the tree tangle overhead; but here under its lee in the little gravel creek between the reeds not a wave breaks. Small as it is, the green spot is a bower of blossom. Under the tangle of guelder and briar the ground is enamelled with fragile white anemones and creamy primrose stars, great marsh-mallow cups break into golden fire at the water's edge; while overhead the wild cherry-trees crook their white coral branches of blossom, and crab-apples perfume the wind with their pink-tinged clusters in flower. A delightful breathing spot it makes, half-way to the islands opposite; sometimes a welcome enough rest to weary rowers against the wind. But onward is the word, and the loud whisper of the reeds is left behind, with the laugh of the boisterous waves outside on the stony reef. The narrows of Balmaha lie ahead, and the pine crest of dark Inch Cailleach.

Isle of old women it is strangely named, and legend has it that here, girt by the waters, once nestled a nunnery; as a monastery is said to have had its home on Inch Tavanach, the isle of monks, near the opposite shore. To-day the wanderer up the grassy ride through the island's greenery finds only amid the thickets a low mound and a mossy enclosure of forgotten graves. Strange must have been many of the stories that, in old time, found an ending here; and it well may be that underfoot, nun-clad in its last resting-place, lies the dust of many a sorrow-haunted heart. Wild-birds build their nests overhead to-day, and bring forth their fluttering brood, and the world is young yet and full of love's sweetness and the grief of farewells as it was in the grey nun's time. Only her story has grown old, and no one knows the reason of her tears. Sometimes to the present day a black-draped boat is ferried across the narrow strait from Balmaha, and the clansmen bring hither the ashes of some grandsire to lay beside the spouse of his youth. For the rest, only once in a while some wanderer may come to muse on the spot, or the sunny coppice spaces may sound hollow to the merriment of white-clad girls.

At the few stones which form a landing-place under the lee end of the island the boat can be beached. Here, sheltered by the island woods, there is perfect calm; but across the narrow channel the roar can be heard and the leaping foam seen of the waves beating on the black rocks at Balmaha. The narrow defile there was the gate of the wild Macgregor country long ago. Many a raided herd from the south has been hurried through it into safety; and brave to the risk of his life would he be who ventured to pursue his property "aboon the Pass." Here the rods and tackle can be got out of their cases and looked to. Before work is begun it will be advisable, perhaps, to discuss some of the contents of flask and basket. But after that some capital casts are to be got round the island's shore, and it will go hard but a good supper will be secured of the speckled aristocracy of the waters.

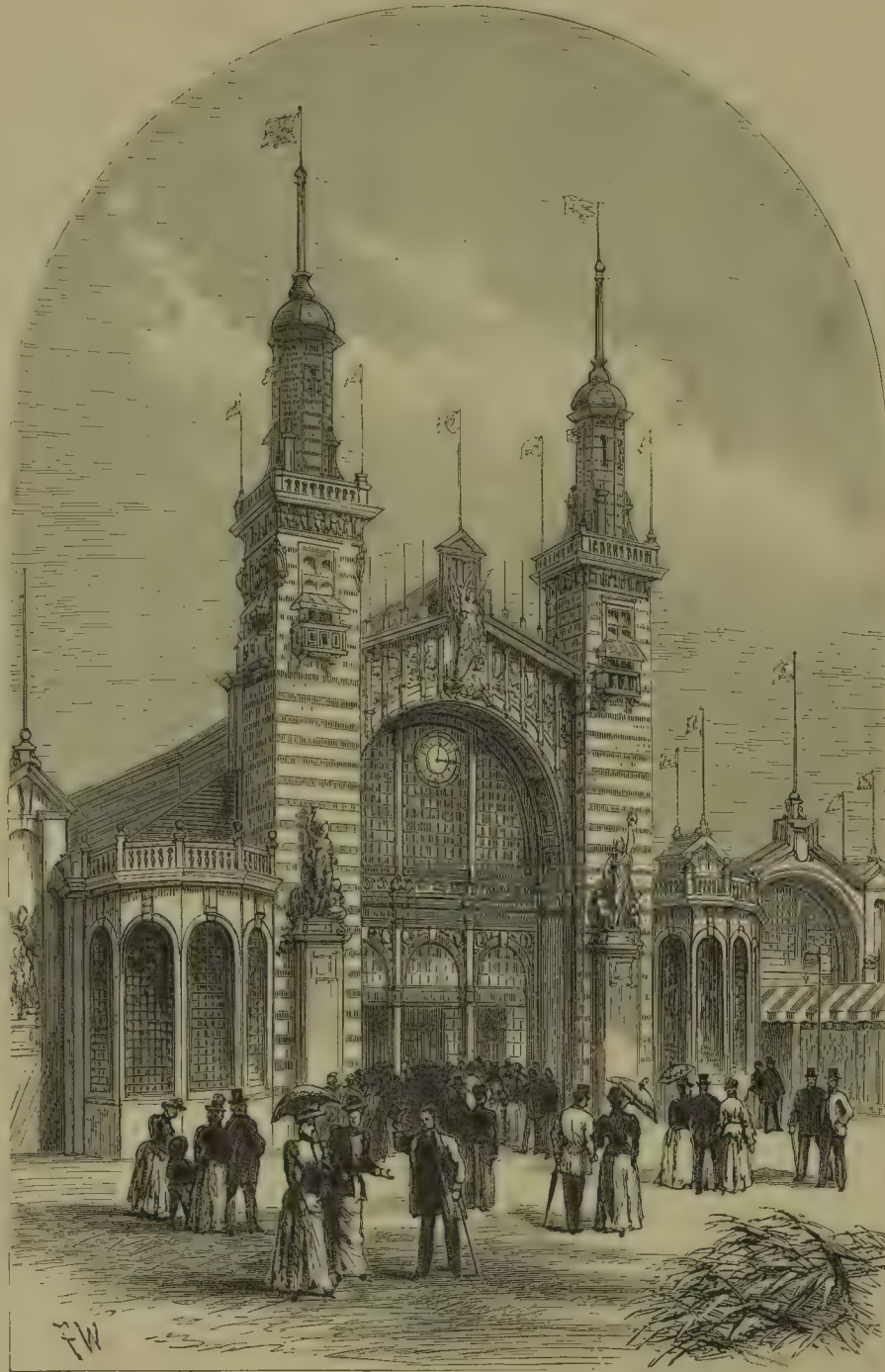
G. E. T.

EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The opening of the Exhibition on May 1 by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh was a ceremony of much interest. Their Royal Highnesses, attended by their suite, and preceded by the Corporation of Edinburgh, and by representatives of those of Glasgow, Leith, Perth, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Manchester, arrived at the Exhibition at one o'clock. They were received at the main entrance by Sir Thomas Clark, chairman of the executive; the Lord Provost, vice-chairman; the members of the executive council; and the chief officials. Their Royal Highnesses were conducted to the dining-hall, where luncheon was served. The chair was occupied by Sir Thomas Clark, who was supported by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and by the Duke of Buccleugh, Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Principal Sir William Muir, Sir George Chubb, Colonel Colville, Lady Clark, Mrs. Boyd, Bishop Dowden, and Archbishop Smith. The Duke wore the uniform of the 42nd Highlanders, of which he is Honorary Colonel (3rd Battalion). The only toasts were those of "The Queen," "The Prince and Princess of Wales," "The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal family." At the close of a brief reply, the Duke proposed "Success to the Edinburgh Exhibition."

The grand hall was entered shortly after two o'clock. Between 2000 and 3000 people were present. The orchestra, occupied by the Edinburgh Choral Union and the Edinburgh Amateur Orchestral Society, sang and played the National Anthem while the Duke and Duchess took their places on a raised dais. The Lord Provost, as senior Vice-President, read an address of welcome to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. Lee Bapty presented handsomely bound copies of the catalogue to the Duke and Duchess. The Duke replied briefly, and expressed satisfaction at his being able to be present, and hopes for the success of the Exhibition. The eighth Psalm, the music of which was specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Hamish MacCunn (who conducted), was then sung by the Choral Union. Mr. MacCunn was afterwards presented to their Royal Highnesses. Bishop Dowden, of Edinburgh, offered a short prayer. The Duke then declared the Exhibition open. The procession re-formed, and made a tour of the Exhibition. The Royal party made their exit by the western door, where the carriages were waiting; they were again loudly cheered.

It may be noted that the main entrance of the Exhibition was fastened with a gold bracelet and a pendent locket, bearing the city arms, presented by Messrs.



FAÇADE OF THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Chubb. On his arrival the Duke of Edinburgh was presented by Mr. J. C. Chubb with a gold ring containing a diminutive gold key, with which his Royal Highness opened the locket and unloosed the bracelet, whereupon the great doors flew open. It was reckoned that there were 20,000 persons within the barriers of the Exhibition.

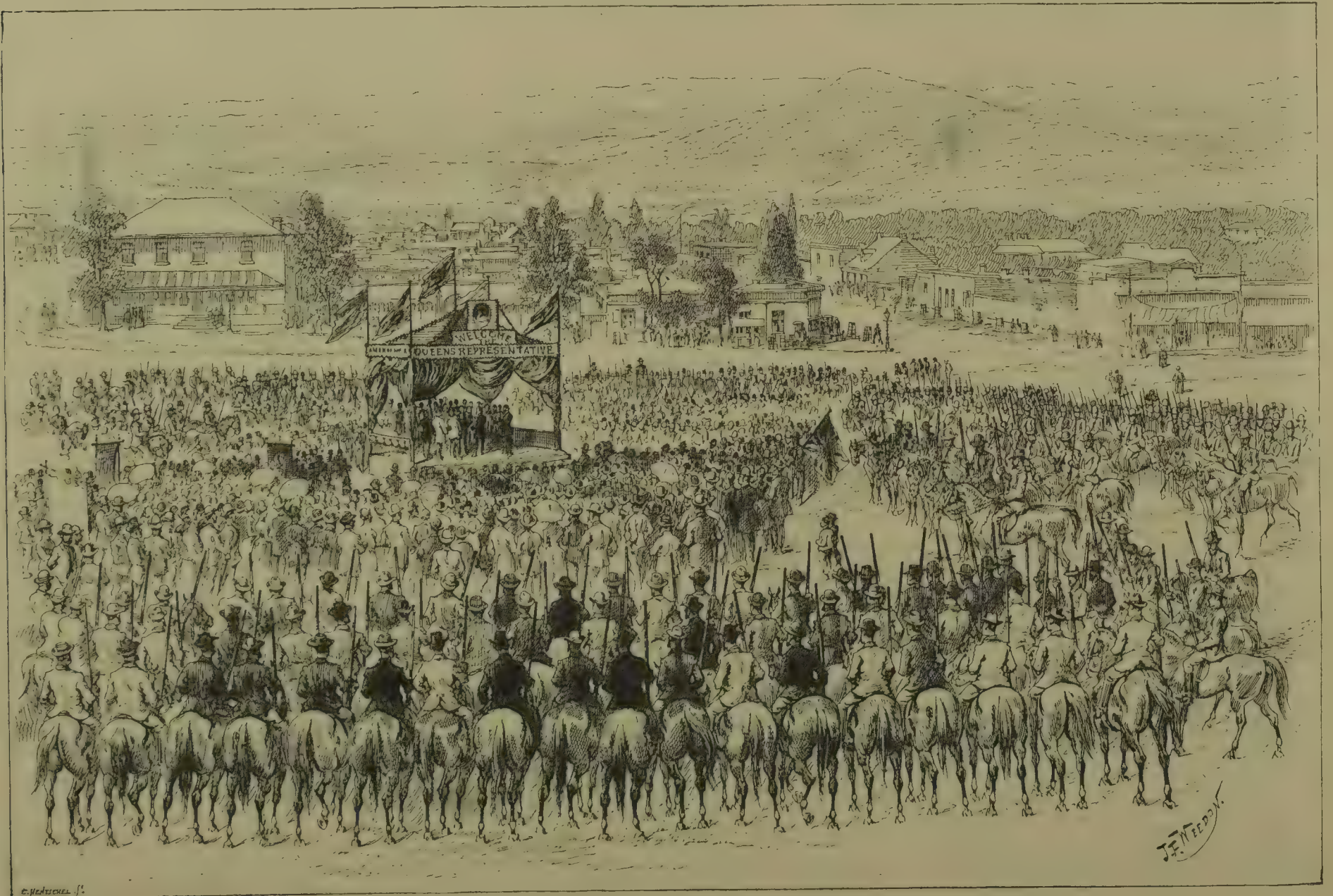
In the evening the Duke of Edinburgh was entertained to a banquet by the Corporation of Edinburgh in the Waterloo Hotel. There were about 150 gentlemen present, the Lord Provost occupying the chair. In responding to the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal family," his Royal Highness said he had seen that day a most interesting exhibition, and one which, no doubt, would be of great value to the country. He concluded by proposing prosperity to the city of Edinburgh, coupled with the health of the Lord Provost.

The Duke and Duchess left the Waverley station for London by special train at half past ten. Among those on the platform were the Lord Provost, Lord Kingsburgh, Sir Thomas Clark, and members of the executive committee of the Exhibition. As the train left the station the Duke and Duchess were loudly cheered.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY.

The reception of the new Governor, Sir Henry Brougham Loch, at Cradock, in his recent tour through the eastern provinces, was very cordial. Our correspondent sends a sketch of the scene in the market square, a large open space in the centre of the town. One feature of this assembly was the presence of so many armed and mounted burghers, mostly young Dutch farmers, numbering about eight hundred, some of whom had travelled fifty or seventy miles in order to show their loyalty and devotion to the Government. To the right of the view are the public offices, and there is a very handsome townhall, hidden from view behind the grove of blue-gum trees. Cradock, a town of about 2800 inhabitants, but the centre of a district with a population of 12,000, is situated on the Great Fish River, on the road from Port Elizabeth to Kimberley.

At the annual meeting of the Scottish Corporation, a charity of which the Prince of Wales is president, nineteen pensioners were elected—two to the £25 pension and seventeen to the £12 pension. The report showed that the income last year was £4965, the expenditure being £5134. The sum actually disbursed in relief to necessitous Scotchmen was £4123.



RECEPTION OF SIR HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH, THE NEW GOVERNOR, AT CRADOCK, CAPE COLONY.



AT THE QUEEN'S DRAWINGROOM.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

A pleasant surprise awaited those who had imagined that the attractions of the Grosvenor Gallery were on the wane. Sir Coutts Lindsay kept his counsel, when busy tongues repeated the idle assurance that English artists could not produce sufficient good works to supply the requirements of three large galleries. In some respects this opinion may have a basis of truth, but, so far as it was directed against the future of the Grosvenor Gallery, the present year's show proves it to be unfounded. It is, however, true that, as at Burlington House and at the New Gallery, there is no work of remarkable strength or promise to be found among Sir Coutts Lindsay's collection; but there is a fair display of the various schools of English art, of which very pronounced examples have been admitted, thereby giving to this exhibition a flavour which is lacking elsewhere. Many artists of repute, moreover, are obviously anxious to maintain "an even keel," and consequently dispense their favours with rigid impartiality among the three postulants; so that conventional as well as unconventional art finds itself fitly represented. Of Sir John Millais we are bound to say that he is as little up to his usual level here as elsewhere. The portrait study of Master Ranken (60), in a green velvet dress, represents a stiff, self-conscious, and self-satisfied little prig, with a pink-and-white baby face; while the surrounding grass, interspersed with wild flowers, is dashed in with curious disregard of those principles which the artist championed so boldly at the outset of his career. Mr. Orchardson's portrait of himself (36), in a brownish yellow shooting-coat, is a good specimen of the artist's power of drawing; but here, as elsewhere, in his dress as in the tone of the room, we have an overwhelming dose of that acrid yellow clay tone which he affects too frequently in his larger works. With this should be contrasted Mr. Pettie's portrait of a brother artist and fellow-countryman, Mr. J. Campbell Noble (115), which proves satisfactorily that it is sometimes better "to see ourselves as others see us" than to incur the risk against which the Apostle wisely warned us. Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of Miss Leech (74), an elegant figure in black silk, suggests the pitfall of "mannerism" which this clever painter is busily digging for himself. The pose and general arrangement of this picture recall too vividly the treatment of many previous portraits, and we should be sorry to think that he has so soon arrived at the bottom of his sack of inspiration. The other portraits in the West Gallery worthy of notice are those of Miss Cathleen Pettie (15), by the same artist, a bonnie little child in white holding back a heavy green curtain; and Mr. Wm. Llewellyn's Netta (8), which shows that his strength lies rather with adults than with children.

Among the figure subjects, the first which attracts much attention is Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Flight from Bethlehem" (44), as the white walls of the houses are just caught by the rising sun. Close by hangs Mr. George Clausen's "Girl at the Gate" (51), a study of cottage life, very true, without doubt, but representing such a "shambling" uninteresting girl, who cannot even walk straight, that one wonders at her appearance in a picture. Mr. E. Harris's "Good-bye" (46), the baby's to her father, who is already outside the cottage, is a clever bit of light and shadow, but it falls very far short of Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "The Weekly Dispatch" (45), a group of old fishermen assembled in the alehouse garden to hear the news read from the newly arrived paper. The faces of all the men are carefully worked out, without any exaggerated touch, and the whole scene is full of colour and movement—often absent from Mr. Brangwyn's work. He has not yet exhibited a better specimen of his power than this. Mr. John M. Swan's "Maternity" (68), a lioness and her cubs in the desert, is a far more interesting work than that in Burlington House; and the bright sunlight enables us better to appreciate his skill in rendering the skins and hair of his animals. Mrs. Marianne Stokes's "Light of Light" (82), although a French treatment of the Virgin and Child, deserves very great commendation. The Infant is lying asleep in its little cot, beside which the Mother is kneeling, enveloped in a radiance of which the source is somewhat difficult to determine. Madame Darmstetter's "Tambourine Girl" (94) is a pleasant study of colour, and displays considerable capacity of drawing; and although Mr. Pettie's finished sketch of "The Traitor" (127) confirms our impression of the cleverness of the group, we scarcely think it of sufficient importance to exhibit a second time, and at so short an interval. Mr. Sydney Hall's "Wedding of H.R.H. the Princess Louise of Wales" (141) is more artistic than most such scenes are by the conditions under which it was celebrated. The size of the chapel limited the number of the spectators, while the abundant display of flowers and foliage relieved the monotony of the scarlet uniforms and Court costumes. It is a pity, however, that the artist—or the catalogue-maker—should forget that the Princess was married to the Earl of Fife—the Dukedom being conferred after the ceremony—and notified in a special issue of the *Gazette*.

Of landscapes the West Gallery contains a very fair sprinkling—characteristic of the various schools which dispute public favour. Mr. Wm. Stott, of Oldham, has, perhaps, comparatively few admirers, but they, at least, make up by the warmth of their appreciation. It is, however, impossible not to recognise the skilfulness displayed in the treatment of water and atmosphere in "Soft Winds" (11), intended apparently to represent a sheltered tidal nook among the sandhills, such as one meets with along the Welsh coast. The colour of the sea with its sheen, and of the distant coastline of sand glistening in the sun, is rendered with great truth and sense of Nature. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, the leader of another school, has sent a charming composition, "The Road from the Market Town" (4), wet and grey with recent rain, and for the moment gay with returning peasant-folk and the more well-to-do farmer in his gig. Mr. Mark Fisher's "Cows in Orchard" (10) is in every way an excellent piece of work, and fully equal to what he has contributed to the other galleries, but it lacks some of the poetic feeling which marks such works as Mr. Peppercorn's "Cornfield" (73) and "The Edge of the Wood" (191), in the sombre tones of which the influence of Corot is distinctly visible, or in the even softer work of Mr. H. Muheman, whose "Harvesters" (30) is the best of his three pictures, although too much imbued with the mannerism of the French Impressionists. It is, however, to a little group of Scotch artists that we must turn for the exaggerations of this fashion, and, while recognising the cleverness of some parts of such works as Mr. James Guthrie's "Pastoral" (55) and his still better "Orchard" (195), in which the action of the two children is happily caught, or Mr. Arthur Melville's "Audrey and her Goats" (109), we are honestly obliged to own that they afford us no manner of pleasure. Mr. J. Lavery, although belonging to the same school, endeavours to give a little more interest to his pictures by choosing such subjects as "Mary Queen of Scots in the Woods of Rosneath" (41), but the dawn is so dark and the foliage so thick that one can trace little beyond the ashes of the night's fire and a faint outline of the Queen and her attendants on the ground, but in the "French Ferry" (66) he finds a subject more within the scope of his brush. Mr. David

Murray is inspired by a wholly different French influence, and in his treatment of atmosphere and half-tints of light combines truth and beauty. His "Doubtful Crop" (59) and "Sweet Evening's Tranquil Hour" (181) are capital instances of what he can achieve, and may be cited as typical examples of "Scotch Pastorals." Mr. J. Aumonier has seldom been more successful than in his "Breezy Day" (77), a flock of sheep on a common, with a blue sky which tells of a sharp wind; while Mr. J. Olsson's "Grey Sea and Shore" (85) fully bears out its title, and displays much meritorious work.

In the East Gallery is to be found Mr. Ernest Parton's best work, "Misty Morn" (148), a very sympathetic study of Thames scenery with its luxuriant foliage and hazy atmosphere. Here also is the best of Mr. John Reid's five brilliant works, "The Washing Day" (164), admirable alike in colour and composition, representing the village gossips occupied with their wash-tubs in the roadway beside the river. The "Trial Trip" (58), two boys sailing a toy-boat; the "Coast-guard's Garden" (64); and, above all, "A Busy Quay" (126), show this artist to better advantage than many of his larger works. He displays a far more luminous quality in these gems than in the more ambitious efforts of previous years, and there is not one of his five works here exhibited which would not give permanent pleasure to its possessor. Mr. Napier Hemy's cold grey view of "Oporto" (174) carries with it the impression of strict accuracy, but as a picture it hardly compares with his view of "Lisbon" of some years back. We do not pretend to fathom the mysteries of the Druidical study by Messrs. G. Henry and E. A. Homel, entitled "Bringing in the Mistletoe" (173), a curious conglomeration of Byzantine ornament and modern French painting; nor do we seize the beauty or meaning of Mr. William Stott's "Diana, Twilight and Dawn" (198), of which the drawing and colour are equally exaggerated. On the other hand, there is very great ability, easily recognised, in Mr. J. P. Beadle's "In Watering Order" (196), a study of the "Blues" exercising in Knightsbridge barracks, and no less in Mr. Charles Lutzen's "Royal Horse Artillery" (43), representing a battery of guns being sent to the front. In both the mass of men and horses—and, in the latter, the movement of the animals—are rendered with power and careful exactitude, but we confess some little doubts as to the manner in which Mr. Lutzen's wide-extending landscape is lighted. Two little subject pictures hang side by side: Miss Anna Nordgren's "Springtime" (201), a girl in the kitchen washing plates with her lover beside her; and Miss Flora Reid's "Widow" (202), a young woman at the piano, recalling the days that are no more. The one is full of bright hope, and the other, although dark, is not in any sense gloomy, but lighted "by an infinite faith." Each, in its way, is a work of power and merit; and the like may be said of two sea-pieces—Mr. Tom Graham's "The Last Boat" (92), just making the harbour as the storm is beginning to break and night to fall; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Sail Ho!" (219), the revival of hope among the crew of a water-logged vessel, rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea. The absolute despair of the crew, who have even given up work at the pumps and are prepared for the worst, is forcibly depicted; while in Mr. Tom Graham's picture the dash of the water over the pierhead, and the last glimmering of light between the heavy clouds, are the results of careful observation and study.

Among the other works to which we desire to call attention are Mr. R. W. Allan's view "On the Loire at Amboise" (47); Mr. Dendy Sadler's "First of September" (149)—although the sportsmen seem to have knocked off shooting for the pleasures of the table at an early hour; Mr. Anderson Hague's "Waiting for a Bite" (151); Mr. Hubert Vos's portrait of Professor Freeman (157), and, still more, his large and careful study of the Brussels "Asile des Pauvres" (248), which hangs at the top of the staircase, and will attract well-deserved notice; Mr. James Paterson's "The Moon is Up" (158), Mr. Percy Bigland's clever portrait of Mr. Littler, Q.C. (186), Mr. Gunning King's "Striking a Bargain" (182), and Mr. C. N. Kennedy's "Boy and the Dryad" (185).

In the smaller room the most noticeable works are Mr. Logsdail's portrait of Mrs. Barton (226), of which the brilliant tones are startling and almost harsh; Mr. Stuart-Wortley's best portrait in the exhibition, that of Miss Violet Guthrie (240); Mr. J. Thwaite Irving's "End of a Day's Work" (234), packing herrings, of which the silvery shower on the boats and quay is well caught. The water colours and sculpture call for no special remark, unless we make exception in favour of Mr. Peplow Brown's "Spanish Bull Fight" (5), a very spirited head, and a bronze head (13) by Mr. Onslow Ford, of which the finer lines are somewhat lost in the patina by which the metal is covered.

MARRIAGES.

Several marriages were celebrated on April 30. The Hon. Robert Boyle, son of the Earl of Cork, was married to Miss Hale, of San Francisco, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cadogan-street; the ceremony being a very quiet one, owing to the bridegroom's family being in mourning.

Mr. Beaumont Nesbitt of Tuberdaly, King's County, Ireland, was married to Miss Helen Thomas, of Ratton Hall, Eastbourne, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. F. Thomas, and granddaughter of Lord and Lady Hampden, of Glynde Park, Sussex, at Willingdon Church.

Captain Malcolm Drummond, Grenadier Guards, was married to Miss Geraldine Tyssen-Amherst, daughter of Mr. William Tyssen-Amherst, M.P., in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The bridegroom's company of the Grenadier Guards lined the aisle during the ceremony. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Baillie of Dochfour as best man, and there were six bridesmaids. Mr. Tyssen-Amherst gave his daughter away.

Lord Sempill, of Craigevar and Fintray, Aberdeenshire, was married to Miss Mary Beresford Sherbrooke, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Sherbrooke, and niece of Lord Sherbrooke, at Oxtou. The bride was given away by her brother, Captain Sherbrooke.

The Hon. Bernard C. Maxwell was married to the Hon. Alice Mary Fraser, second daughter of the late Lord Lovat, in the Roman Catholic Chapel at Eskdale, Strathglass.

The Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Harold Browne will celebrate their golden wedding on June 18. The clergy and laity of the diocese, in celebration of the occasion, have started a fund for promoting some diocesan object to be selected by the bishop.

At the concluding sitting of the Council of Diocesan Conferences, a resolution was adopted urging the nobility and gentry to use all their influence to check gambling and betting. Resolutions were also passed urging Churchmen to maintain the efficiency of Voluntary Schools, recommending the confederation of Church Schools as a subject for discussion at Diocesan Conferences this year, and approving the substitution of twenty shillings for seventeen and sixpence as the limit of the Government grant per child.

THE BEATRICE EXHIBITION AT FLORENCE.

The "Esposizione Beatrice" was inaugurated on May 1 with unusual ceremonies. Many have wondered that the fifth centenary of Dante's Beatrice has been made the peg on which to hang a large national exhibition of feminine works, but the connection is not so far to seek. Beatrice stands as the emblem of womanhood revered by man, and as the inspirer of his higher genius. Conte de Gubernatis has for many years aimed at raising the moral and intellectual standard of Italian women. He started a literary magazine for girls, which he named *Cordelia*, and now he has not only idealised but rendered a practical reality—an exhibition which is proving a grand success, and, at the same time, showing the development of mind and taste among the softer sex in Italy.

The "culto di Beatrice" is confined to one tribune in the Exhibition Building—the former Politeama Theatre. Here, enshrined within the walls of deep blue, sown with golden lilies, are collected in cases of carved wood all possible objects relating to Beatrice Portinari—such as precious illuminated manuscripts from the Laurentian and Magliabecchian Libraries, rare editions of the "Vita Nuova," portraits of Beatrice, pictures, statues, poems, and books referring to her. The poems come from all the poets of the day, German, Italian, French, and English. Miss Bush, the promoter of "Beatrice Worship" in England, takes a prominent position here with her translation of the sonnet "Tanto Gentile," with its allegorical frieze in fine etching, and many of our poets have contributed, such as Swinburne, Coventry Patmore, Edmund Gosse, Lang, and Morris.

The rest of the exhibition is dedicated to womanly works, and is divided into the following sections: 1. Painting, drawing, and tapestry; 2. Sculpture and carving; 3. Literature; 4. Needlework and embroidery; 5. Feminine ornaments; 6. Didactics; 7. Hygiene and cookery; 8. Divers industries. The two sections best represented are the 4th and 8th. The embroidery is profuse and exquisite as regards execution and richness. Some of the white embroidery on lawn and linen is almost incredibly fine, as witness a lawn handkerchief in the finest drawn work mingled with embroidery in relief, which was worked by the pupils in the convent of Le Figlie di Gesù, and is priced at 2000f. (£80). The coloured embroidery, especially from Florence and some of the southern towns, leaves much to be desired as an exponent of purity of taste, for the colours are often crude and clashing, while the work is technically marvellous and painstaking. The silk embroidery, "all' antico," from Milan, Modena, and Verona, especially that of Ermelinda Canzi of Milan, is remarkably beautiful, and in perfect taste as regards the colouring. A certain Giannina Mistrorigo of Tienne, near Vicenza, has had the patience to work, in the finest possible black silk, two views of Rome—which have all the effect (even with close inspection) of line engravings. The same mania for minute imitation has occupied the needles of several other contributors, for we have copies of Raphael's cartoons of Rembrandt's etchings, &c., in the same patient work. The Countess Ferrari-Morena of Modena sends a magnificent velvet regal mantle richly embroidered in relief in gold. Other industrious exhibitors have worked scenes in relief on linen sheets: in one the guardian angels of slumber are clad in garments of point lace stitches, raised above the surface of the linen.

The paintings and sculptures are interesting, and many of them highly creditable, especially the portraits by Signor Ernestine Fabbri and the Baroness Magliani, Signor Federica Ghignone's "Moorish Girl" and an "Arab Boy" in pastels, the "Ophelia" by Virginia Mariani, the face of which is cleverly foreshortened, and the flower-paintings by Signorina Giulia Giovacchini and "Nina." Mrs. Alice Danyell's painted tapestries are also very good.

The statues by Amalia Dupré are remarkably vigorous. She has inherited much of the talent of her father, the sculptor of the Cain and Abel in the Uffizi Gallery. The upper galleries are devoted to schoolgirl works—which might as well have been left to private exhibition or school-prize days—and to all kinds of minor industries. In the lower gallery the boxes round the plateau have been very artistically utilised by a transformation into ancient Florentine shops, as our illustration shows. Indeed, the whole centre of the theatre has been changed into Florence in the time of Dante; the stage forming the Piazza del Duomo, all the speakers and singers being dressed in *tre-cento* costumes. The proceedings of the morning were commenced by a prelude composed by Graziani-Walter, and performed by an orchestra of chosen professors. The President, Count de Gubernatis, then made the opening address, and the poetess Signora Almida Brunamonti pronounced a discourse on Beatrice, after which the Florentine Fair was opened. Here were antique stalls and shops, occupied by workwomen in old costumes—a *sarta* making mediæval dresses, an embroideress working in gold and silver, pearl stringers and straw plaiters, spinners and weavers, together with—strange anachronism!—the sisters Angiolini, who take photographs.

In the evening a really beautiful fête was held, representing the mediæval fête of "Calendi Maggio," when the Florentine youths and maidens met together to sing "Maggiolate" (May songs) and to give each other flowers. On this occasion the Maggiolata (words written by Signor Papa, music by Matini) were sung by nearly one hundred amateurs, who represent a great deal of the youth and beauty not only of the Italian *bel mondo* but of the English and American colonies. The effect of the graceful figures in costume, playing among their flowers, and the brilliant rendering of the quaint and joyous music, were all charming. The second part of the entertainment was equally national, but of a different kind. Instead of gentle maidens keeping May, set after set of peasants in their respective costumes came to dance the national dances of each Province. The mad Neapolitan Tarantella, the arch-Trescone of the Tuscans, and the merry Salterello of the Romans were all illustrated.

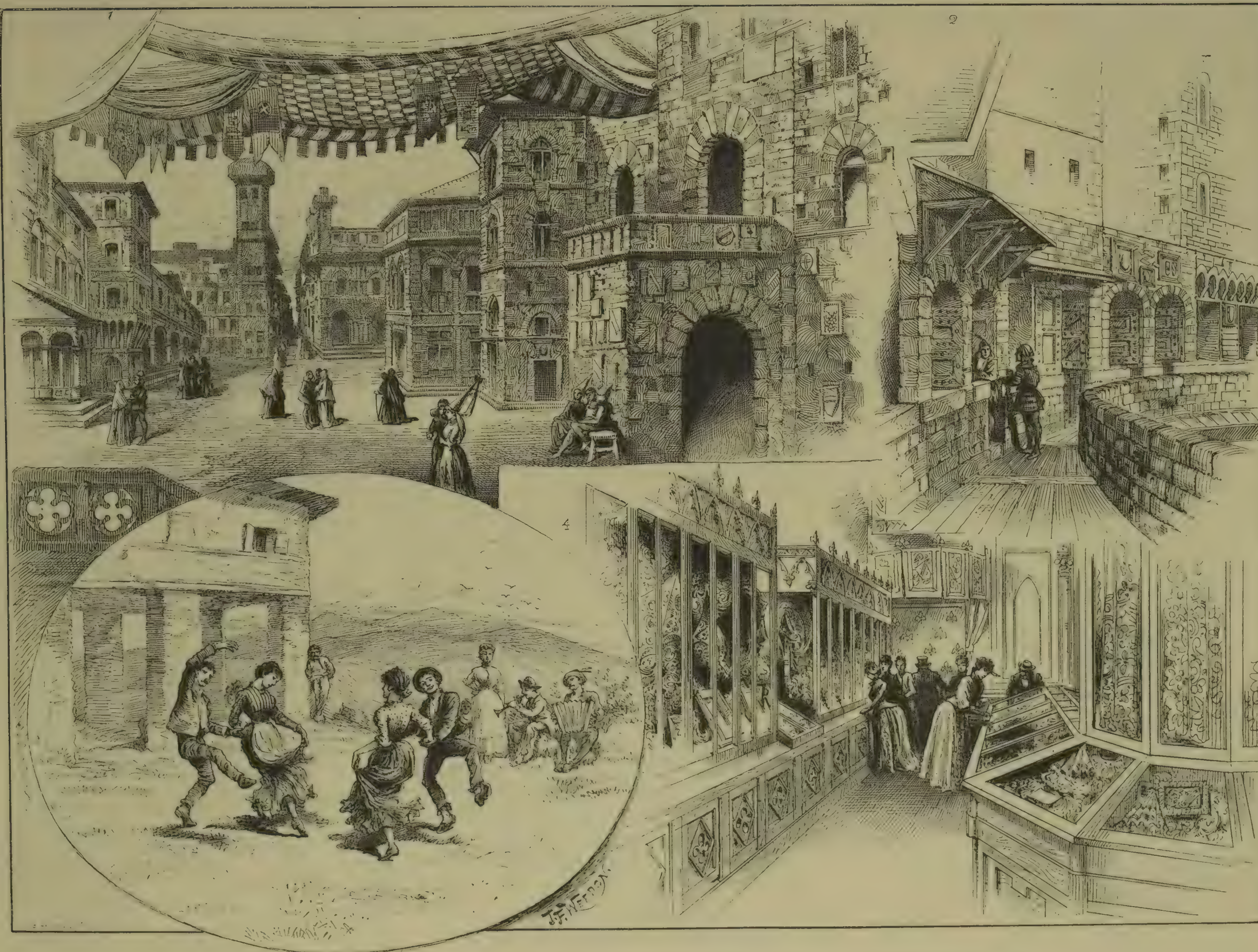
On the second evening of the exhibition some beautiful *poses plastiques* from the "Vita Nuova" were arranged by the artist Professor Uesi, and after that will come various musical competitions on different instruments by girl-musicians.

On the 15th the Hymn of Peace was to be sung. It is an allegorical poem, written and set to music by the French poetess Madame Augusta Holmés. This is made a great feature in the proceedings, and is given a kind of political importance as emphasising the more peaceable tone of feeling between the two nations, France and Italy.

LEADER SCOTT.

The Cobden Prize at Oxford University this year has been awarded Mr. H. de B. Gibbins, B.A., Wadham College.

At the Royal Institution, on May 6, Mr. Louis Fagan, assistant keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, began a course of three lectures on the Art of Engraving; Professor Dewar, F.R.S., began a course of six lectures on Flame and Explosives, on the 8th; and Dr. Charles Walstein, director of the American School of Classical Studies, Athens, begins a course of three lectures on Recent Excavations in Greece, on the 10th.



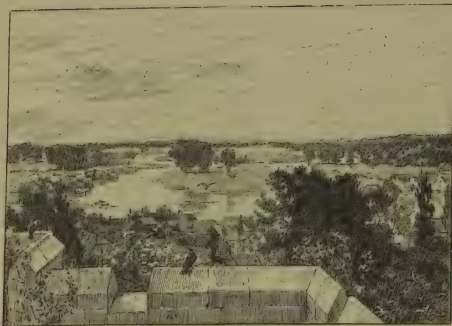
1. The Piazza del Duomo in Dante's Time.

2. Ancient Florentine Shops.

3. Tuscan Peasants Dancing the "Friscone."

4. A Corner of the Needlework Section.

THE BEATRICE EXHIBITION AT FLORENCE.



THE THAMES FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.—F. GOODALL, R.A.



LOUIS XI.—J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.



THE SCULPTOR.—J. B. BURGESS, R.A.



THE PURITANS' FIRST WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND: WATCHING FOR THE "FORTUNE" RELIEF SHIP.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



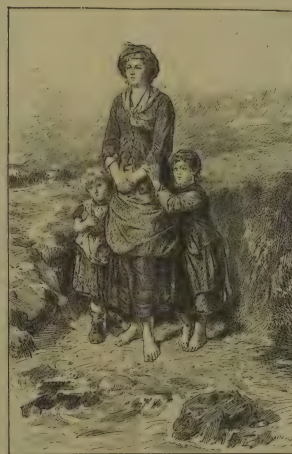
GARDEN FLOWERS.—MARCUS STONE, R.A.



AFTER WATERLOO: "SAUVE QUI PEUT!"—A. C. GOW, A.R.A.



HIPPOLYTA.—S. J. SOLOMON.



THE ANXIOUS LOOK-OUT.—T. TARD, R.A.



THE YOUNG DUCHESS.—H. SCHMALZ.



AN UNWILLING PARTNER.—A. J. ELSLEY.



"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN"—J. PETTIE, R.A.



"ONWARD!"—SIR J. GILBERT, R.A.



THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.—HON. J. COLLIER.



VE VICTIS! SACK OF MOROCCO BY THE ALMOHADES.—ARTHUR HACKER.

SKETCHES FROM
THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"LA FIA DE' TOLOMEI."—E. LONG, R.A.



YASHTI DEPOSED.—E. NORMAND.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Gallery I. contains not a few of the most successful pictures of the year, although we are unable to indorse the verdict of the Council with regard to Mr. Macbeth's "The Cast Shoe" (19). The old white horse with bluish legs is undeniably well drawn, and so is the old farmer taking a perspective look at the animal; but the landscape across the ferry is rough, and painted in the artist's most slipshod style. It is high time that some inquiry should be made in the way in which the Chantrey Bequest is applied, for, if the independent judgment of an unprejudiced public has any weight, it seldom indorses the purchases of the Council. While on this subject, we may add that, willingly admitting it to be advisable to procure for the public by means of this fund a specimen of the present President's work, we think that he has painted during the past few years many pictures any one of which would be more worthy of a place in our national collection than the "Bath of Psyche" (243), which occupies the place of honour in the large room. It is, of course, as ivory-like in texture as all Sir F. Leighton's work, and the drapery is dealt with delicately; but in expression the face is more than usually meaningless; while the modelling of the lower limbs is loose and unsatisfactory, and the painting of the water untrue to nature. The Council of the Royal Academy is wholly irresponsible, except to public opinion, for the administration of the munificent Chantrey Bequest: they should, therefore, be more careful to exercise their trust in strict accordance with its terms, and expend the interest in the purchase of the best pictures of the year. Will anyone say, after a careful survey of the present exhibitions (for there is no limit to Burlington House), that the Council have acted up to either the letter or the spirit of the testator's wishes?

In connection with this general question of administration, we should also call attention to a very spirited and charming picture, "On the North Foreland" (338), the figure of a girl holding on her hat in a high breeze. The picture is described as the Diploma work of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., who, if we mistake not, was elected to the full honours of the Academy as far back as 1877. By rule 5, sec. v. of the laws regulating the constitution of the Royal Academy, it is laid down that "No Academician-elect shall receive his Diploma until he hath deposited in the Royal Academy (to remain there) a picture . . . approved of by the then sitting Council of the Academy, which picture shall be presented for the consideration of the Council within a period of *six months* after his election, in failure of which his election shall become void, unless such an apology be made by him for the omission as shall or may be deemed sufficient by the Council. On the deposit of such Diploma work, the vacancy in the list of Associates shall be declared; but no proceedings to fill up such vacancy shall take place until the Diploma of the Royal Academician-elect shall have received the signature of the Queen." There can be no two meanings attached to this rule. The diploma is not to be presented to the Queen for signature until after the diploma picture has been received. Are we, therefore, to conclude that for thirteen years Mr. Orchardson has been in the position of an Academician-elect, and has been constantly offering apologies, which have been deemed sufficient? or are we to assume that the Academy has no power to enforce its own rules? or that it has obtained the Queen's sanction to an election which its laws pronounce to be void? Some explanation of Mr. Orchardson's position is due to the public, and, possibly, to her Majesty also.

To return, however, to the first gallery, we find in Mr. Luke Fildes's "Daughter of the Ghetto" (20) the bold draughtsmanship and rich colouring which distinguish his work: but one is tempted to doubt whether he ever could have seen an Israelite flower-girl of Venice or Rome, for, to ordinary eyes, they never appear in such freshness and cleanliness as he would have us believe. There is a far greater touch of truth in Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Homeless" (24), an episode of the London streets, teaching us the homely lesson, in modern language, of the "poor widow" whose heart beat truer than that of those who of their abundance cast gold and silver into the treasury. Mr. Kennington paints in low tones, and with a broad brush; but he has nearly always a touch of humanity in his work, which puts us in sympathy with him. Sir J. E. Millais's evening landscape (25), depicting the hour when—

The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
has an eerie beauty about it, which, notwithstanding the slowness of the work, cannot fail to attract admiration. He has chosen for his foreground a low stunted wood on the edge of a Scottish moor, such a place as the roe-deer love to haunt and the wild-flower linger until late autumn. A little farther on we come upon another evening scene, "Homewards" (31), by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, in which the sheep are being driven along the sandy, sedge-grown margin of the seashore—a delicate bit of colour, and poetic in idea and execution. Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt deserves, too, great praise for her fanciful allegory "Love Locked Out" (32)—Cupid shivering outside a brazen, or rather a gilded, door, and left to consider the wild-flowers which grow in profusion all around. Mrs. Merritt has caught not a little of the spirit and manner of Mr. Watts in this work; but it is in no sense imitative, and is marked by distinct individuality. Mr. David Murray's "The White Mill" (43) is a bright wholesome scene, very suggestive of Constable in the treatment of the distant landscape, but more reposeful and less afraid of lighter incidents. A still more successful piece of landscape is that entitled "Moorland" (57), by Mr. C. H. H. Macartney, but depicting very rich foliage with broken ground, while nestling in the folds of the valley is a patch of water—stream or lakelet—which seems to light up the scene. As a specimen of pure English landscape, owing nothing but to its absolute appreciation of nature, we should be inclined to place this work in the first rank among the pictures of the year; while for Scotch landscape a similar pre-eminence is assignable to Mr. Colin Hunter's "Hills of Morven" (384) in the fourth room, and for Italian landscape to Mr. Matthew R. Corbett's land

Of fragrance, quietness, and trees and flowers,
to which has been justly awarded a place of honour (233) in the large gallery. These three landscapes deserve to have been hung side by side, in order that students and picture-lovers might see the different aspects of Nature in different countries, depicted by artists who can be regarded not only as faithful interpreters but as loving ministers of her secrets and beauties. Mr. Frederic S. Richardson's "Fringe of the Forest" (86) is also a careful and appreciative study of the stiff, long grass which girdles many a wood. Of Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Davy Jones's Locker" (81) we have already spoken, but again refer to it, as one of the best imaginative works of the year; for obviously the actual appearance of things which lie "full fathom five" beneath the sea is a matter of conjecture. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "All Hands Shorten Sail!" is apparently an episode in the catastrophe of which the dénouement is to be found in the picture at the Grosvenor Gallery, alluded to elsewhere. The method of treatment is very similar, except that in this picture we have the energy of

men striving to save their ship from the impending disaster, while in the other there is the resignation of despair, scarcely dispelled by the news of help at hand. Of the other pictures in this room the most noteworthy are the portraits of Mrs. Mosenthal (56), by Mr. S. J. Solomon; of Mr. Sellman (62), by Mr. J. Mordecai; the child study "My Lady Dorothy" (87), by Mr. James Sant; and Mr. Oulless's portrait of Mr. Angus Holden (74) in the robes and fur of his official costume—a very fine and brilliant study of an interesting face.

Gallery II. is especially noteworthy for Mr. Herkomer's excellent landscape, "Our Village" (143), to which the place of honour has been properly assigned. It represents, of course, the village of Bushey, which, in spite of its nearness to London and the general invasion of red-roofed houses and Queen Anne villas, still retains a very rustic appearance. Mr. Herkomer paints its old cottages and alehouse with evident appreciation, and, although one feels a little hesitation about the tones of his green, one must recognise the admirable power with which the scene is treated. Mr. E. A. Abbey's "May-Day Morning" (109), a rough sketch, suggests rather a frolic than a serious elopement, and there is something exceedingly humorous in the action of the young man and young woman "going a-maying," bedecked in ribbons, to the sound of the early cock, who is lustily crowing on the top of the white wall just breaking into tinted light in the early dawn. There is a capital companion to this picture in Mr. F. D. Millet's "How the Gossip Grew" (151), two youngish matrons discussing the "dish of tea," and the contents of a letter just received. It is a pity that equal pains have not been bestowed on the young women's faces and on the furniture and tea-things of the old-fashioned parlour; but it is, unfortunately, a peculiarity of the school to which Mr. Millet belongs to care more about correctness in chairs and tables than for sentiment and expression. Neither picture is, however, finished up to the standard insisted upon by the Academy for English artists, and some explanation of the difference of treatment should be forthcoming. There are four excellent portraits in this room, the Bishop of St. Albans (117) by Mr. Oulless, and the Bishop of Durham (124) by Mr. W. B. Richmond—the former in his lawn sleeves and the latter in plain clothes—both full of character and feeling, and very equal in painting, Mr. Oulless being more successful in the flesh tones of the face, and Mr. Richmond in the drawing of the hands. The other pair are Sir Edmund Hay-Currie (144) by Mr. Pettie, and Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A. (160), by Mr. Alma-Tadema. Both are simple direct works, and admirable likenesses, painted with the firmness of a master hand. There is also considerable power as well as originality in Miss Marie Naylor's portrait of herself (171), which, not being intended for the Uffizi Gallery, is painted without that terrible self-consciousness which mars so many works in that famous collection. Among the landscapes, Mr. Gunning King's "Orphan" (118), a shepherd tending a desolate lamb, is about the best; and the attitudes of the other lambs stumbling about in the fold are cleverly rendered. Mr. B. W. Leader's "Sandy Margin of the Sea" (131) is undoubtedly clever, but thoroughly uninteresting; and Mr. Yeend King's "In Peaceful Days" (152) is marred by the excessive brilliancy of the grass and trees.

Gallery III. contains, as usual, the principal works of the year, and "the line" is, for the most part, reserved for Academicians and Associates. Of some of these we have already spoken, but many remain which call for notice. Sir John Gilbert is apparently anxious to prove that eighty years spent in the pursuit of art are not more exhausting than a lifetime given to politics. His "Onward" (186) is, perhaps, an old theme: a red-coated man on horseback waving a banner is painted quite in the mood of Paul Veronese, and is as vigorous as his master's work. Mr. Peter Graham, without the same excuse of years, repeats himself in his "Departing Day" (190), but so impressively that we are glad to have another exposition of the setting sun among "the mist-robed mountain tops" from his brush. Mr. Watts's only contribution to the exhibition is a gem—Hester Fraser Tytler (196), the sweetest little round-faced child that ever looked through wonder-stricken eyes. Mr. Watts is never more attractive than when he aims at simplicity, and in this case he has found a subject on which he has been able to lavish the resources of his brush to good purpose. The two portraits which in this corner challenge comparison are those of the Bishop of Chichester (197) by Mr. Oulless, and of Sir David Radcliffe (201) by Mr. R. E. Morrison; but the contest is an unequal one, for the Royal Academician has not only by far the finer face in the octogenarian but vigorous Bishop, but he can handle his brush to far better effect. In a similar competition between Mr. James Sant's portrait of Mrs. J. A. McLeod (198), and that of Mrs. Thewlis Johnson (211) by Mr. H. T. Wells, and that of Mrs. North (214) by Mr. Oulless, the contest is more equal, and the two last named, in their black dresses and red velvet mantles, are both stately and distinguished figures. Of Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Redemption of Tannhäuser" (203) we have already spoken, and regret to find that on further study we are unable to modify the view already expressed. Above it hangs a strange imaginative work, "The Golden Lure" (202), by Mr. Rob. Sauber, a fine nude figure, emblematic of ambition "bubble-borne," clutching at a laurel wreath stretched from behind the dark clouds which overhang. It is a decidedly clever work in every way—well drawn and fine in colour.

Mr. Ernest Crofts's "Whitehall, 1649" (216) and Mr. Gow's "After Waterloo" (123) are the two principal historical pictures of the year; but both represent events otherwise than in accordance with the best accepted versions. If we interpret Mr. Gow's picture aright, he makes the scaffold erected in Whitehall Gardens—that is to say, on the east side or back of the Banqueting Hall: but upon what authority is not apparent. Lord Leicester and Dugdale state that Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall Gate, and that the scaffold was erected "in front" of the Banqueting House, in the street near Whitehall; and Ludlow, who is the only authority at variance on the point, says that it was out of a window of a small building north of the Banqueting House that the King stepped upon the scaffold, the actual position of which was in Whitehall. Mr. Gow, in the "Sauve qui peut!" which followed the defeat at Waterloo, scarcely depicts the incidents personal to Napoleon in accordance with the story as told by Thiers; but, as there have been many more or less contradictory statements of what happened, one may be content to accept Mr. Gow's spirited version without further demur.

We have copied "The Young Duchess" (59), by Herbert Schmalz, by permission of Messrs. Millard, art publishers, 57, Charing-cross; and "An Unwilling Partner" (1043), by A. J. Elsley, by permission of Messrs. Grover and Co., of Nottingham, who are owners of the copyrights.

The Royal Academy banquet was honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal Family, as well as by a large number of distinguished guests, representing the Church, statesmanship, literature, and science. The speakers included the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prime Minister, Earl Granville, Sir William Thomson, and Mr. John Morley.

SKETCHES IN COREA.

The peninsula of Corea, projecting southward from the mainland of Eastern Asia between Northern China and the islands of Japan, may at some future time be regarded as of some importance, from its position, to European rivals for maritime supremacy in those regions. Its extent is about equal to that of Great Britain. It has long been claimed as a dependency of the Chinese Empire, but is practically an independent and secluded native State, with a population of eight or nine millions, ruled by an hereditary Sovereign with the support of a powerful feudal aristocracy. The most recent account of the country is that given by Mr. W. R. Carles, British Vice-Consul at Shanghai, and formerly Vice-Consul in Corea, in a volume entitled "Life in Corea," published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1888. He describes the capital city, which is called Seoul or Kyoung, a large walled town of 150,000 or 200,000 people, situated on the Han-Kang, the chief river of the interior, towards the west coast. The buildings, except the Royal palace, are mostly in the Chinese style of architecture, like those of Peking; but the costumes and manners of the people are peculiar; the men of the respectable classes all wear white robes, unless they are Government officials, who are attired in silk or crape of the brightest colours, and they have singular hats of wickerwork, shaped like inverted baskets, resting on their shoulders; but the women have pretty caps, made partly of fur, partly of braid, with a scarlet tassel. The shops, frequently arranged in small open compartments around the sides of a courtyard, usually display a collection of household utensils, embroidered shoes and cloth, metal-work, pottery, saddlery, flagree, and fancy wares; but the Corean manufactures have no great merit of artistic workmanship. The wider streets are lined with booths for the sale of food, fruit, grain, meat, and tobacco. A few of the aristocracy ride about on ponies; but their ordinary conveyance, as they seldom or never walk in public, is a chair carried on long poles, like a litter, upon men's shoulders, aided sometimes by a single wheel underneath the chair. The spoken language of the Corean people is of Tartar origin, but mixed with Japanese and Chinese forms of speech, and the written literature is in Chinese characters. The Buddhist religion is prevalent, but the Lao-Tze, or ancient religion of China, is cherished by many of the older families. Our illustrations are from Sketches by Surgeon A. Gascoigne Wildey, R.N., who visited Corea on board H.M.S. Leander.

SKETCHES IN CHILE.

Notices of the condition and prospects of Chile, the most flourishing of the Spanish South American Republics, have accompanied the Sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist. The geographical position of that country, including the northern provinces ceded by Peru and Bolivia after the fierce war some years ago, and extending to the most southerly point of the continent, affords a wonderful diversity of climates and soils, with a great variety of mineral, pastoral, and agricultural resources. Its population, also, both of the Spanish and of the native Indian races, is more active and industrious than any other South American people. The cities of Valparaiso and Santiago, and several of the commercial seaports, have been described, as well as the nitrate fields of Tarapacas, and the coal-mines of Arauco, with the railways giving them access to the coast. Agriculture is practised with success in Southern Chile; but the methods and appliances are still of a primitive kind, as may be seen in the farm-waggon, drawn by oxen, and driven by Indian carters. There is, however, a considerable export of wheat, maize, and other grain; but the rustic labouring class, who cannot obtain land of their own, suffer much from poverty, and large numbers are compelled to emigrate in search of employment. The scene at a village baker's is characteristic of country life in Chile.

AFTER ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Although Western America, with its prairies and plains, its Rocky Mountains, salt deserts, Wabsatch and Cascade ranges, and Pacific slope, is an extensive Continental region, the time is rapidly approaching when there will not be space for large wild animals, or for Indian tribes of mankind living as hunters of such beasts. The buffalo, which is properly a bison, will soon be extinct, only some herds of a few hundred now remaining in secluded districts; the elk, the deer, the antelope, the wild goat, the "bighorn" or mountain sheep, are fated to speedy extermination. In Wyoming and Montana, however, the sheep may still be found by a laborious and troublesome search; and our Sketches represent the adventures of a sportsman going after such a peculiar kind of big game. They are furnished by a correspondent, Mr. H. H. Lawrence, who lived three months at a cattle-ranch near the Bighorn Mountains, in the centre of Wyoming, nearly two hundred miles from the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, and about the same distance from the Union Pacific Railway line, to the south. He has also supplied us with Sketches of Ranch Life in Wyoming, which may hereafter appear in this Journal.

The Ven. Frederick William Farrar, D.D., of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been appointed Lady Margaret's Preacher for the ensuing year.

The new line of railway between Driffield Junction and Market Weighton, projected by the West Riding Junction Railway Company, is open for traffic.

A gift of £2000 has been made to Sandwich by Mr. Thomas Dorman, one of the borough Aldermen, towards the establishment of a large grammar school, which is to be built just outside the town.

The Duke of Fife presided on May 1 over the inaugural meeting of the second library opened by the Marylebone Free Public Library Association. His Lordship said he regarded this triumph of local effort as an earnest that the Free Libraries Act would be more generally adopted throughout the Metropolis. He considered that the movement for free libraries was of great importance in connection with the welfare of the industrial class, and he hoped an endeavour would be made to supply the people with wholesome literature, instead of the pernicious trash which was now so common.

The Marquis of Tweeddale presided on May 2 at the thirty-second annual dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. In eloquent terms the chairman proposed the toast of the evening, stating that 104,000 railway employés are now associated with the institution. The annual income of the society amounted to about £43,000, while the invested funds, capitalised for the purpose of providing pensions and annuities, reached £295,000. Since the establishment of the benevolent fund 813 annuities had been granted, involving a yearly expenditure of close upon £7760. Amid cheers, the noble Marquis stated that over 800 orphans had been educated and housed in the institution since its foundation. This admirable charity will benefit by the festival to the extent of over £8000.



1. The Main Street of Seoul.

2. Korean Women.

3. A City Gendarme.

4. Courtyard of the British Consulate.

5. A Bye-street in Seoul.

6. Korean Woman and Child.



INDIAN CARTERS ON COUNTRY FARM, PUNTA ARENAS.



THE VILLAGE BAKER.



1. A Search. 2. Stalking. 3. Success.

AFTER ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

Nineteenth Century.—Mr. Tom Mann, who assumes the style and title of "President" of the "Dockers' Union," discourses like an elective potentate of associated "workers" on what he calls "the Development of the Labour Movement": he proposes that the County Councils shall be empowered to decide the questions raised by the Councils of Trade Unions. Sir Francis de Winton, the newly appointed Governor of the British East Africa Company's territory, gently deprecates German hostility to that enterprise, and invites the Governments of both nations, without delay, to settle the boundary line west of Lake Victoria Nyanza, as shown by a sketch map, as well as the conflicting claims along the coast north of the Tana River. "The Good Time Coming," by Lord Wolmer, is a bantering, ironical demonstration that the triumph of Home Rule politics must assure to the English Conservative Party an entire control over English administration. The history of Wolfe Tone, the unscrupulous and profligate conspirator of the Irish Rebellion and French invasion of 1793, is related by the Duke of Argyll in a tone of severity merited by the character of its subject. Mr. F. Seymour Haden's presidential address to the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers will be acceptable reading to the lovers of that interesting mode of art. Lord Bramwell, in his prompt, direct, and decided manner, knocks away all the objections to the Tithes Bill, suggesting, however, two or three amendments of detail. With regard to "left-leggedness," or having the left leg stronger than the right, Mr. Walter Sibley's theory seems to us only partially true. The left foot, in most persons, is the stronger to rest upon, or to spring or stride from, as a fixed point; but the right leg is the stronger to advance in walking or kicking, in which a different set of muscles is employed. Three papers on the Irish Land Purchase Bill, by Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. O'Connor Power, and Lord Ebrington, shall not detain us just now. A memoir of the Comte de Clermont, a younger son of the Duc de Bourbon in the reign of Louis XV., is presented by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild as an example of the frivolous dissipation of French Court life in that age. Mr. G. J. Romanes loyally and frankly defends the illustrious author of the Darwinian theory against recent nibbling critics. The confessed decline of the direct authority of political journalism in England is discussed by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, with much candour and knowledge of affairs; yet he seems to overrate the political power of the platform at public meetings, which is less now than it was thirty-five years ago. Professor Huxley, who has apparently quitted physical for ethical science, and will be soon quite a metaphysician, carries on his twofold controversy with the extreme Individualists, or Anarchists, and the Socialist advocates of "Regimentation," citing many doctrinaire philosophers, from Hobbes and Locke to Fichte, upon the true sphere and aims of State Government, and the limitations of its faculty to provide for social welfare. The King of Sweden and Norway, who writes well and merits a place in the "Catalogue of Royal Authors," favours this magazine with a good historical memoir of his famous predecessor—not ancestor—King Charles XII., to be continued next month.

Contemporary Review.—The history of the concession of Parliamentary self-government to the British colonies of Canada and Australia is related by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, down to the last futile struggle of a Colonial Office nominee, in 1854, against the will of the colonists in Victoria, of which something remains to be told. Dr. John Rae supplies a timely and useful account of the general application, in America, of what has lately been termed the "betterment" principle of exceptional local taxation for any work of street improvement in towns, whereby a special assessment, towards the cost of such work, is laid on adjacent property which will acquire increased value. Mr. Clement Scott, whose writing is always bright, vivid, and suggestive, gives his personal impressions of Monte Carlo, "a Poisoned Paradise," with its lovely scenery and with the vulgarity, folly, and knavery of its gambling establishment, the downfall of which is solemnly predicted. The Head Master of Harrow, the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, examines the system of teaching in the great public schools, and pronounces judicious opinions concerning the subjects to be studied. He would not oblige all boys to learn Greek, but Latin should be the indispensable grammar instrument of mental discipline. Mr. Romanes furnishes a scientific exposition of Professor Weissmann's theory of heredity from conditions of "germ-plasm" and other matters of embryology. The Rev. Benjamin Waugh denounces the hideous cruelties and heinous crimes that still attend the trade of baby-farming, which he declares to be as bad as ever, in spite of the Infant Life Protection Act of 1872. The life and poems of Matthew Prior are made the topic of an agreeable literary notice by Mr. George Aitken, upon the publication of Mr. Austin Dobson's volume in the "Parchment Library." Dr. Spence Watson, of Newcastle, recommends forming Joint Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration, to settle disputes between labour and capital by the voluntary acceptance of their decisions. Mr. H. H. Risley's ethnological investigation of the various races of native population in India deserves the attention of those whose fancy is caught by indiscriminate schemes of political reform. Mr. Justin McCarthy's opposition to Mr. Balfour's Irish Land Purchase Bill could be anticipated, without reference to his particular strictures on that Bill.

Fortnightly Review.—The choice of a successor to Lord Tennyson, as Poet Laureate, is discussed by an anonymous critic of poetry, who gives his vote for Mr. Swinburne; and we should not vote against him, but why should the office be continued? Would not that of a National Author of English History be more congenial to the public mind? The Irish Land Bill is discussed by a Liberal Unionist Ulster M.P., Mr. T. W. Russell, who pronounces it "the greatest step of the century towards the pacification of Ireland." The experiment of Women Suffrage in Wyoming, not yet a State but a Territory of the American Union, is described by the Hon. Horace Plunkett in a favourable light: it seems now to be admitted that such a feature is not contrary to the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the author of clever and humorous tales of Indian and military life, contributes an interesting scene of serious comedy dialogue, called "Willow Wood," rather touching in its indications of suppressed emotion. The merits of a number of contemporary Danish dramatists, mostly aiming at the illustration of ethical problems of modern domestic life, are set forth by Mr. William Archer in an article of some literary interest. The Hon. George Curzon proceeds with his serviceable account of recent travel in Southern Persia, up the Karun River, a branch of the Tigris, which has been opened to commercial traffic. The claret-producing vineyards of the Bordelais, especially of the Médoc district, are a pleasant topic, which Mr. W. Beatty-Kingsford describes from a recent visit, in his observant and agreeable style. "English and Americans," by Mr. W. Moreton Fullerton, who affects a stern impartiality in his censures of the faults of both nations, may perhaps be wholesome, and is not at all flattering to either side. The German publicist, Dr. Geffcken, who is always ready to

give England a political lecture, has felt himself called upon to investigate the fisheries dispute between Great Britain, or rather Canada, and the United States. We ought to be much obliged to Dr. Geffcken for taking so much gratuitous trouble on our account, and for insisting upon the firm maintenance of British rights. If he would apply the same friendly industry to the protection of British interests in East Africa there would be the less necessity for the last article in this magazine, which is an indignant complaint of German intrigues and aggressions.

National Review.—"The Real Cause of Prince Bismarck's Retirement" is the title of an article which seems to promise the revelation of a secret: but it is surely quite an open secret, and in accordance with ordinary experience of human nature, that a young Emperor of impetuous mind, confident of his own ability, wished to get out of leading-strings, and to show the world how well he could command and govern. Mr. Alfred Austin's poem, on returning to England from Italy, is a graceful and vigorous expression of healthy English feeling, but is not the poetry of transcendent genius. Those who happened last month to read, in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Hamilton Auld's account of one of Daniel Home's spiritualist performances, will do well to take up, here, the personal testimony of Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, who saw a good deal of that notorious "Medium," at Florence, and who did not at all believe in him. We agree with Mr. Trollope in expecting that the scientific investigation of the hypnotic condition will very shortly put an end to those spiritualistic delusions. Mr. F. Pincott shows good reason for refusing to admit the necessity or desirability of Home Rule for India. A Persian poet, named Rudagi, from his birthplace near Samarcand, who lived about a thousand years ago, and whose works are highly esteemed by students of Oriental literature, is the subject of a critical dissertation by Mr. C. J. Pickering. The twelvemonth's experience of the working of the new County Councils is reviewed by Mr. Leonard West, not unfavourably to their prospect of usefulness. Lady Paget gives an interesting account of a visit to Count Mattei, a benevolent Italian, residing at Riola, between Pistoia and Bologna, who has discovered homœopathic medicines for the cure of cancer. "Dancing as a Fine Art," by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, refers to the Greek classic measures, the Moorish and Spanish dances, and the stately figures and gestures of the minuet, the gavotte, and other ancient performances in that line. Mr. Sydney Wyatt comments on the coal-miners' strike; Mr. Percy Fitzgerald describes the London music-halls and their visitors; Mrs. Fenwick-Miller gives a very interesting account of the social and industrial organisation of the different classes of insects in a beehive. Captain H. C. Goldsmith, R.N., explains the Newfoundland Fishery question between England and France.

Universal Review.—The shocking stories of massacres, and flogging women to death, in Siberian prisons, do not yet obtain corroborative evidence, but some personal notices of the sufferers have been gathered from Russian political refugees in Paris, by Mr. Adolphe Smith; and the pictures that accompany his article, drawn by M. Widhopff, show much artistic power, but have not the character of authentic sketches by an eyewitness. The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, combines a sympathetic commentary of the life and genius of the late Miss Amy Levy with a pleasing description of his sojourn in a village on the Cornish sea-coast where she had stayed. Mr. Alfred East's views of Japanese native life, manners, and art make agreeable and instructive reading. The bold author of "Erewhon," Mr. Samuel Butler, in his controversial onslaught upon the theories of the late Mr. Darwin and Mr. A. R. Wallace, concerning the origin and development of natural species, relies on his own logical acuteness, without any particular knowledge of the facts of natural history. Miss Colenso's plea for Dinizulu has already been noticed. Miss Sophia Beale's extracts from "An Old World Diary," bearing date from 1816 to 1830, give interesting anecdotes of what ladies could observe in London when our fathers and mothers were young. Mr. Cotsford Dick's versified Triumph of "Science" over "Poetry" is worth as much as the sentimental outburst to which it replies.

New Review.—Of the contemporary biographical portrait sketches, called "Studies in Character," that of Mr. H. M. Stanley is now presented. Lord Brabourne is angry with the Tithes Bill, and thinks it will give force to the demand for Disestablishment of the Church. Dr. Robson Roose states a few cases, known to physiologists, of persons fasting as long as Signor Succi and Dr. Tanner. Lady Dilke, as a friend of working women's trade unions, shows the lack of skill in their financial management, and offers the aid of educated ladies. The concluding part of Miss Olive Schreiner's mystic vision of Heaven is suggestive of high spiritual truth, though it is a crude and feverish imaginative piece of work. Lord Meath describes the magnificent efforts of some American cities to provide people's parks and recreation grounds. Professor Henry Sidgwick points out the inefficiency of the lecturing system at the Universities, and recommends more private reading, supplemented by informal explanations of difficulties occurring to the students. Mrs. Jeune gives interesting details of the arrangements for treating poor little London children to a short sojourn in the country. "The World's Desire," a prose poem, more or less Homeric, by Messrs. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, brings the hero of the Odyssey to Egypt at the period when King Pharaoh hardened his heart against the children of Israel.

Blackwood's Magazine.—A new story commenced here, entitled "A Secret Mission," has its scene laid in Russian Poland, and is designed to illustrate "the system of suspicion, surveillance, and arbitrary despotism, arising from the present state of armed tension between the great European Powers." Sir Rowland Blennerhassett reviews the first volume of Professor Von Sybel's historical work on the German revolutionary agitation of 1848, and the events preparatory to the raising of Prussia to the head of the German Empire. "Rathillet," a short tale of Scottish domestic life, is inspired by thoughtful tenderness. An incident of the former state of Fiji, under the old heathen cannibal native chiefs, is well told by Mr. Basil Thomson. Mr. H. H. Risley furnishes a precise account of Sikkim and Thibet. The article on German schemes and doings in East Africa, illustrated by two neat maps, complains rather bitterly of certain encroachments on British territory, and especially of the conduct of Dr. Peters.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mrs. Oliphant's story of "Kirsteen" is near its conclusion. On the life and work of Lloyd Garrison, the American anti-slavery crusader, Mr. Goldwin Smith writes with his characteristic earnestness and force. Mr. Warde Fowler's observations, "Getting Ready," on the aspects of English rural nature in spring are delightful; while Mr. A. Montefiore's practical account of orange-cultivation in Florida may be tempting to young emigrants. The memoir of a son of "Rob Roy," one Hamish Macgregor, alias James Drummond, a double-dealing traitor and Government spy in the Rebellion of 1745, is a curious episode of Scottish history. Prince Albert Victor's late visit to Travancore, in Southern India, is described by Mr. J. D. Rees. "Ronald Lester" is a short tale of pathetic interest.

OBITUARY.

LORD HAMMOND.

The Right Hon. Edmund Hammond, Baron Hammond, of Kirk Ella, in the county of York, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, P.C., formerly Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, died on April 29, at Mentone, from a stroke of paralysis. His Lordship was the third son of the late Mr. Geo. Hammond, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Allen,

and was born June 23, 1802. He received his education at University College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1823, and was elected Fellow. He was appointed to the Foreign Office in 1824. He was attached to Sir Stratford Canning's special mission to Turkey in 1831, and accompanied Lord John Russell on his special mission to Vienna in 1855. The deceased Peer was Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs from 1854 to 1873, when he retired on a pension. In 1866 he was made a Privy Councillor, and in 1874 was raised to the Peerage. His Lordship married, Jan. 3, 1846, Mary Frances, daughter of the late Lord Robert Kerr, brother of William, sixth Marquis of Lothian, K.T., and had three daughters. As Lord Hammond leaves no male issue, the title becomes extinct.

SIR THOMAS EDWARDS-MOSS, BART.

Sir Thomas Edwards-Moss, Bart., died at his residence at Otterspool, near Liverpool, on April 26, after a long illness. He was born in 1811, and succeeded his father as proprietor of Moss's Bank, Liverpool, which, in 1864, was merged into the North-Western Bank. Up to 1885 he was Chairman of the South-West Lancashire Conservative Association. In 1868 a baronetcy was conferred upon the deceased. Sir Thomas is succeeded by Mr. J. Edwards-Moss, who has acted as private secretary for Lord Cross.

DOWAGER COUNTESS AMHERST.

The Right Hon. Gertrude, Dowager Countess Amherst, died on April 27, at her residence, 32, Rutland-gate, aged seventy-five. She was the fourth daughter of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Hugh Percy, Bishop of Carlisle, uncle of Algernon, sixth and present Duke of Northumberland, K.G., and married, July 12, 1834, William Pitt, second Earl Amherst, who died March 26, 1886, leaving issue. Her eldest son is the present Earl Amherst.

SIR TONMAN MOSLEY, BART.

Sir Tonman Mosley, Bart., of Rolleston Hall, near Burton-on-Trent, died on April 29, aged seventy-seven. He was for many years an active Magistrate and Chairman of the Board of Guardians. He had also served the office of High Sheriff for Staffordshire. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son Oswald.

THE COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH.

The Right Hon. Caroline Amelia, Countess of Bessborough, died on April 30, at Bessborough, near Piltown, in the county of Kilkenny. Her Ladyship was born June 18, 1819, the eldest daughter of the fifth Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and Gordon, K.G., by his wife, Lady Caroline Paget, eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., G.C.B., and was sister of Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar and of the Countess of Lucan. The deceased Countess married, Oct. 4, 1849, John George, fifth Earl of Bessborough, as his second wife, and was left a widow Jan. 28, 1880.

MR. VENABLES VERNON.

Mr. John Edward Venable Vernon of Clontarf Castle, in the county of Dublin, J.P. and D.L., died on April 29. He was son of Mr. George Vernon of Clontarf Castle, by Henrietta Maria, his wife, daughter of Mr. Wilson Gale-Braddell of Conishead Priory, Lancashire. He was born in 1813, succeeded to the property at the decease of his elder brother, and served as High Sheriff in 1847. He married first, in 1836, Louise Catherine, only daughter of Mr. Charles Proby Bowles, of Park-lane, London; and secondly, in 1856, the Hon. Rose Gertrude Harriet Daly, daughter of the first Lord Dunsandel, but had issue only by the first. His eldest son is Colonel Edward Vernon, Royal Dublin Fusiliers. The Vernons of Clontarf Castle are a branch of the noble family of Vernon, springing from John Vernon, Quartermaster-General of the Army in Ireland in the Commonwealth.

ARCHDEACON KYLE.

The Venerable Samuel Moore Kyle, D.D., formerly Archdeacon of Cork and Rector of St. Peter's, died on May 1, at his residence, 37, Upper Fitzwilliam-street, Dublin, in his ninetieth year. He was eldest son of Dr. Samuel Kyle, D.D., at one time Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards Bishop of Cork. He received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1821, and was Archdeacon of Cork from 1833 to 1872. He married Jane, daughter of Mr. John Cotter, of Cork, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Edward Bolitho of Trewidden, in the county of Cornwall, on April 24, in his eighty-sixth year. His only son, Thomas Bedford Bolitho, is M.P. for West Cornwall.

The Hon. Frances, Lady Baynes, widow of Admiral Sir Robert Lambert Baynes, K.C.B., and third daughter of the first Lord Denman, on April 29, in her seventy-eighth year.

Major-General Rawson Aislabie, of the Royal Artillery, on April 24, at 90, Piccadilly. He entered the Army in 1854, and became Major-General in 1885. He served in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, including the battle of Budleekeserai and the siege and assault of Delhi (medal with clasp).

Mr. Anthony Jordan, of Coblenz on the Rhine, merchant and banker, on April 16, aged eighty-six years, after a short but severe illness. For more than fifty years he was the mainstay of the ever-varying English community and the honorary treasurer of the English chapel at Coblenz.

Mr. James Williams Scarlett of Downland House, Uckfield, Sussex, J.P., and Achamore Gigha, Argyllshire, on April 30, aged seventy-three. He was second son of Sir William Anglin Scarlett, Chief Justice of Jamaica, brother of the great lawyer Sir James Scarlett, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who was created Lord Abinger in 1835.

Captain John Montagu Stopford, R.A., only son of the late Major George Montagu Stopford, Knight of the Medjidieh, and grandson of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B., on April 25, aged twenty-nine. Captain J. M. Stopford's paternal grandfather was Admiral the Hon. Sir Montagu Stopford, brother of the fourth Earl of Courtown.

MUSIC.

The performances of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury-Lane Theatre are just completing their London season, which, although brief, has been a busy one. Beginning on April 5, it has included representations of many popular and classical operas previously in the repertory, and the first production of the new romantic opera "Thorgim," composed by Mr. Cowen to a libretto written by Mr. Joseph Bennett. Performances of various works on the nights of every week-day and on two afternoons of every week have furnished an ample supply, in variety and quantity, for the most insatiable audiences. The company has also given afternoon performances at the Crystal Palace. With such activity as this, exercised within a very limited period, it need not be matter of dissatisfaction that time would not admit of the production of the English version of Halévy's "La Juive," which has been given by the company with signal success in the provinces. Balfe's posthumous opera "The Talisman" (with its original English libretto) had also to be put aside; and this may likewise be held in reserve for a future season.

A performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" was given at the Crystal Palace on May 3, as the inauguration of the summer season. The work has now become so widely known by many performances that nothing need be repeated as to its merits. The principal solo vocalists on the recent occasion were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss M. Mackenzie, Mr. H. Piercy, and Mr. W. Mills—Mr. Manns having conducted.

Mr. Henschel's interesting orchestral concerts for young people, at St. James's Hall, have completed the series of three performances. The first has been commented on. At the second the programme comprised pieces, by classical composers, of more or less sterling interest and value in themselves, while not requiring matured connoisseurship for their comprehension and enjoyment. Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz," Mozart's symphony in C (known as the "Linz" symphony); ballet music by the old French composer Monsigny, and the living Rubinstein; Gounod's exquisite piece of musical humour, the "Funeral March of a Marionette"; a waltz by Volkmann; and some charming lieder by Mr. Henschel, charmingly sung by Mrs. Henschel, made up an excellent programme. Of the third and last concert we must speak hereafter.

Of the promised recent performances of Dr. J. Parry's United Welsh Choir at St. James's Hall, including his oratorio "Nebuchadnezzar" and Mr. H. Parry's cantata "Gwen," we must speak hereafter.

The fourth of this year's concerts of the Philharmonic Society, on May 8, must be spoken of later. The programme promised the first performance in England of Signor Mancinelli's "Scene Veneziane," an orchestral suite which has been highly spoken of, and the first appearance here of Mr. L. Borwick, a pianist who has gained Continental renown.

A morning concert was organised recently at Grosvenor House (by permission of the Duke of Westminster) in aid of the Friendly Society recreation rooms for working girls in East London.

Amid the recent pressure on space some miscellaneous concerts that deserve recognition have escaped mention. Those clever young artists—violinist and pianist respectively—Miss E. and Mr. H. Bauer, gave a concert recently, at which their talents were successfully displayed. The concerts of Miss E. Lewis (vocalist) and of Miss E. Greenop and Miss H. Lascelles took place on the same date as those of Miss W. Robinson (the skilled young violinist) and Miss and Mr. Bauer. Those estimable vocalists Miss K. Flinn and Miss A. Janson gave a concert jointly, at which their performances of important soprano and contralto solos were special features.

A choir of five hundred children from industrial homes connected with the Reformatory Refuge Union in London was announced to sing a selection of pieces directed by Mr. J. Pronzman, at St. James's Hall, on April 29, the same date having been fixed for the concert of Miss M. Gutters and Mr. Mewburn at Princes' Hall. April 30 was fixed for the concert of the well-known vocalist Mr. Hayden Coffin at Princes' Hall.

The Hyde Park Academy of Music recently gave a students' concert in aid of penny dinners for poor children. Herr Schönbberger, the celebrated pianist, and other eminent artists were announced to contribute to the programme.

Another child pianist has appeared in the person of Miss Elsie Hall, a native of Australia, who has gained applause not only in her own country but also in Germany.

Among the multitude of recent miscellaneous concerts may be mentioned those of Signor Galiero, a commendable Italian pianist; Miss H. Armstrong and M. H. Logé (vocalist and pianist); Miss Sygne (pianist); Mr. H. Wessely (violinist); Miss Falconar (vocalist); Miss E. Lewis (vocalist); Mdle. I. Henry and Miss M. Wild (pianists); Mdle. M. Eissler (violinist) and C. Eissler (harpist); and Miss A. Fairman (vocalist).

A concert is announced on May 10 at the Royal Albert Hall on behalf of the Morley House Convalescent Home at St. Margaret's Bay, Dover. It is stated that the Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present. Madame Della Valle announces her third annual concert at Princes' Hall on Saturday evening, May 10.

Dr. J. F. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, has been elected Gresham Lecturer on Music for the current year. There were several other eminent competitors, and the election can scarcely fail to supply a competent successor to the late Dr. Wyld, the former Professor.

Mr. James G. Syme has been appointed secretary to the Royal Academy of Music. He has been acting as interim secretary since the date of Mr. John Gill's resignation.

The Kensington Symphony Society announced an orchestral concert at the Kensington Townhall for May 9, in aid of the Kensington District Nursing Association.

The great racing sire Hermit, whose death was recently announced, is to have his memory kept green, not by a statue, but by a preservation of his natural features as he lived. Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., has undertaken the work.

The Duke of Westminster has presented a valuable piece of land, two and a half acres in extent, as a recreation-ground for poor children belonging to the populous suburb of Handbridge, Chester.

Mr. James Jardine, late High Sheriff of Cheshire, has given £2500 for the restoration of the south porch of Manchester Cathedral. The north porch has just been rebuilt by the generosity of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Jonas Craven and their sister, Mrs. Worthington, at the cost of £5600.

Mr. Evan Spicer appeals for contributions amounting to something over £20,000 to complete the schemes for the South London Polytechnic Institutes. This appeal is backed up by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Ripon, the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Brassey, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. John Morley, Sir R. N. Fowler, Sir David Salomons, Sir Henry W. Peel, and Sir P. de Keyser.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

REV. W. DAVID (Cardiff).—We are sorry we cannot reply by post. Either your letter did not reach us or the solution was wrong. If the one sent tallied with what we publish, we will give you credit for it.

A. S. (The Hague).—We repeat that the problem was quite right, and stands in no need of tinkering, however ingenious.

MRS. KELLY (of Kelly).—Your compliments are well merited; and you are to be congratulated, in return, upon solving a problem that has fairly puzzled the large majority of our solvers.

E. H. RYAN (Brighton).—There has been no republication of the positions that have appeared from week to week. You could only find them in our past volumes.

E. P. WILKES (U.S.A.).—The play does not compensate for the crowded and unsightly position. Economy of force is an essential element in a publishing position.

F. F. G. (City Liberal Club).—We are much obliged for your communication, but regret space prevents publication of names in full.

W. BARRETT.—If quite correct your last three-mover shall be published.

F. N. BRAUND.—Thanks for batch of games.

L. DESAIGUES (Naples).—Your last contribution admits of the following second solution: 1. Kt to K 4th (ch), P takes Kt; 2. Q to K 3rd, &c.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 238 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal); of No. 240 from J. G. Grant, F. J. M. G. Smith, O. B. J. (Philadelphia), and Monty; of No. 241 from A. Gwinner, C. Smith, W. Barrett, Lieut.-Colonel Lorange, and J. Burke; of No. 242 from Emil Fran (Lyons), Toy (Pensarth), Herbert Chown, Donald Greenwell, Glenvar, W. H. Hayton, B. Jackson, R. Peguero, W. Barrett, Monty, M. Mullendorff (Luxembourg), R. H. Brooks, Lieut.-Colonel Lorange, G. Esposto Law (Naples), M. Nish, S. Parry, J. Robinson (Bixby), Kilian Roberts, R. L. D. Eccles, J. M. Dalziel (Edinburgh), Mary Knipe, W. Erle Gower, and E. Godwin.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 243 received from Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), R. Wooters (Canterbury), Leon Guinet, W. R. Raillem, R. H. Brooks, and J. Bryden (Wimbledon).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2401.—By REGINALD KELLY.

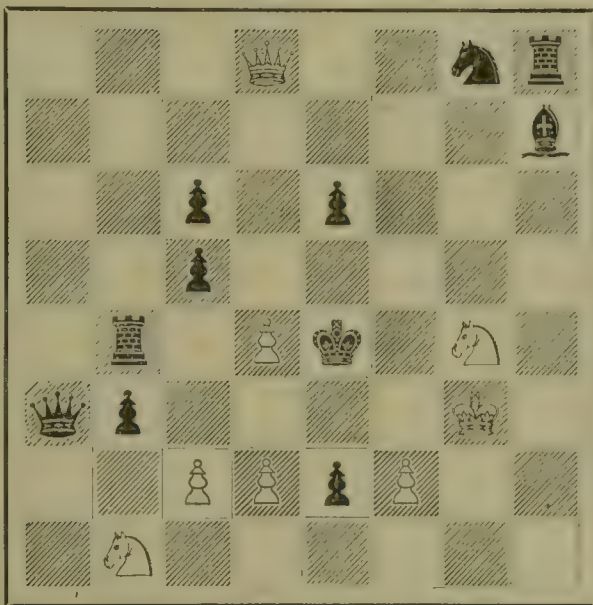
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to B sq. P to B 5th
2. Q to B 6th (ch) K takes Q
3. R to Q 4th. Mate.

If Black play 1. K takes P or 1. B moves, then 2. B to Kt 3rd (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2405.

By G. C. HEYWOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in Simpson's Handicap between Messrs. SELLON and LEE.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. R to R 4th	Q to B 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	20. P to R 6th	
3. P to K 5th	B to B 4th		
4. P to Q B 3rd	Q to Q 2nd		
5. B to Kt 5th	P to K 3rd		
6. B to K 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
7. Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 3rd		
8. P to Kt 4th			
Somewhat bold, although confining the action of the hostile Kt.			
9. B to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd		
10. P to Kt 4th	Kt to B sq		
11. P to K R 4th	B to K 2nd		
12. K Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd		
13. P to R 5th	P to Kt 4th		
14. P to Kt 5th	P to R 2nd		
Weak. P to Q R 4th would have given White a distinct advantage.			
15. Kt takes P	P takes P		
16. B takes B	B takes Kt		
An important move, and a great relief to Black's position.			
17. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 5th		
18. Q to B sq			
Q to Q 2nd should have been played. White now lets the game slip gradually through his fingers.			
19. Q to B 2nd			
And Black wins.			

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. X.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. X.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Q to Q 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. B to B 5th	R to B sq
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	13. P takes P	B to B 3rd
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd		
The game now resolves itself into a form of the Cunningham Gambit.			
5. B to B 4th	B to R 5th (ch)		
6. P to Kt 3rd			
It would be safer to continue with K to B sq.			
7. Castles	P takes P		
8. P to Q 3rd	Kt to R 3rd		
P to Q 4th is the better continuation.			
9. B takes Kt	P to Q 3rd		
10. B takes P (ch)	P takes B		
	K to B sq		
Apparently Black can safely capture the Pawn.			
14. Kt to Q 5th	B to R 6th		
To this move may be attributed the loss of the game. B to Q 2nd, followed by Kt to K 2nd, is the proper course.			
15. Kt to B 4th	B to Kt 4th		
16. Q to B 3rd (ch)	B to B 3rd		
17. P to Q 4th	Q to Q 2nd		
18. P to K 5th	P takes P		
19. P takes P	B takes P		
20. Kt takes B	Q to Q 5th (ch)		
21. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q		
22. K takes B, and wins.			

A chess-match between two teams drawn from the members of the National Liberal Club and City Liberal Clubs was played at the former's home on Monday evening, April 21. A hard-fought contest, lasting for three hours, terminated in favour of the City Liberals by 6 games to 5.

The St. George's Chess Club and the City of London Chess Club have arranged to play their annual match with each other on Friday, May 30. The St. George's Club are making the arrangements.

The following problem was composed by Signor Aspa for a solving competition at the Swansea Chess Club. The successful solver occupied eighteen minutes in the task. Some of our solvers may like to measure their strength by this standard:—

White: K at Q R 2nd, R at Q Kt 4th. Kts at Q B 6th and K B 7th, B at K Kt 2nd; Ps at Q 3rd, Q B 3rd, and K R 4th.

Black: K at K B 5th, B at Q B 5th; Ps at Q Kt 4th, K B 4th, K Kt 5th and 6th. White to play, and mate in three moves.

The trustees of the Clergy Pensions Institution have received £10,000 for the charity from Mrs. Turner, who has already made a gift of £20,000 to the dioceses of York and Liverpool.

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

WATERLOO HOUSE, PALL-MALL EAST.

We can honestly congratulate Mr. W. E. Lockhart on the result of his attempt to convey a satisfactory idea of the ceremony of which Westminster Abbey was the scene on June 21, 1887. He has boldly faced the difficulty which such an assemblage of rich and not necessarily harmonised costumes must present, and he has also succeeded not only in conveying a general idea of the pageant, but in seizing with considerable accuracy the features of some of the leading personages. The position assigned to Mr. Lockhart on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee was at the extreme end of the choir, and his view consequently embraced the whole scene, looking down the length of the nave. The central figure is, of course, that of her Majesty, seated in the chair of state; while in the foreground are the Archbishops, Bishops, and Canons, in their magnificent robes, handed down from pre-Reformation times, and preserved at Westminster during the days of the Puritans. A good deal was said and written about these vestments at the time of the Jubilee, but no one who had not the opportunity of seeing them on that occasion could have any adequate idea of their splendour. Mr. Lockhart's picture now places the general public on a level with the then privileged few. The various groups by which her Majesty was surrounded are well indicated—the Crown Princes of the Great European States on one side, and the Princesses of her own family on the other. Close by, in the North Transept, sits the Speaker, surrounded by the leading members of the House of Commons—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. W. H. Smith being the most conspicuous figures. But it is unnecessary to give a catalogue of the personages, or to enumerate the various groups, which ultimately fade away in golden haze, in which the background is enveloped. Mr. Lockhart has achieved a more than ordinary success in this portion of his work, for he has given due importance to the assemblage without in any way dwarfing or depreciating the majestic grandeur of the building; and we feel that all who took pride and interest in Queen Victoria's Jubilee will recognise the service done by the clever artist who has perpetuated our recollection of the pageantry.

Although Mr. W. E. Lockhart has frequently exhibited in London, his work is not so well known here as on the other side of the Border. It was, therefore, a happy idea on the part of Messrs. Doig to bring together some of his more important works, from which the range of Mr. Lockhart's powers and the force of his style may be estimated. He excels chiefly as a colourist, but he has a real dramatic sense, as shown in such works as "Gil Blas and the Licentiate Sedillo" (5), "Alnaschar's Dream" (17), "Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada" (15), and especially in the large canvas representing the "Cid and the Five Moorish Kings" (16). In the somewhat ghastly "Muerte del Matador" (18) the tragic element is predominant, the richly dressed swordsman being left to die in the stable, while his companions have returned to the arena to make sport for the populace. The exhibition is well worthy of a visit from all lovers of art, as well as from those who have the curiosity to know what was passing inside Westminster Abbey on Jubilee Day while they were awaiting the return of the pageant along the gaily decked streets.

FINE ART SOCIETY.

Lovers of cats should take to heart the maxim that there are "few things so difficult to paint as a kitten," and they should then betake themselves to the Fine Art Society's Gallery (148, Bond-street) and see how Madame Henrietta Ronner has acquitted herself. Everyone who has studied cats, and especially kittens, must have been struck by their distinct physiognomies, and by their strongly marked differences of temper and beauty. But, although it is easy to recognise such differences at the moment, it is next to impossible to carry away any definite idea of these varieties of expression. To Madame Ronner, however, it seems the most natural thing in the world, and she has transferred to paper and canvas with the most surprising deftness not only the winning ways of "catdom" and "kittenhood," but the social life of dogs, puppies, hens, and other domestic animals, and she seems as if by magic to reveal the secret of their lives. Cat-life has already had its "linners" among Continental artists, and our own Randolph Caldecott, on more than one occasion showed his sympathy with and appreciation of the feline race. But Madame Ronner equals if she does not surpass in deftness of execution all her rivals, if perhaps we except the Swiss painter Gottfried Minel, to whom the title of "Cat Raphael" was not inaptly applied. We will only say to those who wish to see to what perfection cat and dog painting can be carried that they should not fail to see Madame Ronner's work. If we add that the painter is upwards of seventy years of age, and from the age of eleven years, when she began to study under her father, Heer Knip of Amsterdam, she has been a constant worker, our admiration of her prolonged powers will be further increased.

Among the other minor exhibitions to which, from want of space, we can only allude *en passant*, are the Hanover Gallery, 47, New Bond-street, where will be seen some interesting works by Professor Graef, of Berlin, and several pictures of the French school; the Continental Gallery, 157, New Bond-street, which shows few changes in its composition since we noticed it some months ago; and Messrs. Bach and Read's Gallery, 179, New Bond-street, where is brought together a variety of sketches by Mr. R. T. Pritchett, "Cosmopolitan Drawings from many Longitudes," as they are well described, and showing as great neatness and dexterity as the same artist displayed in his drawings for Lady Brassey's "Cruise of the Sunbeam," on board which he made most of the journeys here depicted. At Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, Vigo-street, there is a collection of the etched work of Mr. William Strang, who ranks as the strongest and most individual of our modern workers on copper. We so recently referred to his etchings on the occasion of the exhibition of the Painter-Etchers' Society that it is unnecessary to repeat the high value we set upon his work.

Mr. Henry Blackburn has hit upon an ingenious idea for rendering Art more international than it can at present hope to be, notwithstanding the efforts of enterprising exhibition managers. Mr. Blackburn proposes to transfer, by means of photography and other processes, the principal pictures in the Paris Salon, and to exhibit them in London by means of the oxy-hydrogen light. The success which has attended Mr. Blackburn and other lecturers using this process naturally leads one to hope that the English public will thus have a fair opportunity of estimating the drawing at least of French artists, old and young. Mr. Blackburn will probably give his first exhibition at one or other of the social evening clubs, which possess ample space for the purpose.

The annual Hungarian ball, in aid of the London Hungarian Association of Benevolence, has been fixed to take place on Monday, June 23, at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, and will be under the immediate patronage of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

COAL AT DOVER.

Although ordinary folks may not be very well versed in the facts of geological science, the announcement that coal had been found at Dover must have created some considerable amount of surprise. There is no district which less resembles the Black Country than the coast of the Channel; and it may be said that the unexpected, which always happens according to popular tradition, caused as much sensation in the ranks of science as it did beyond the confines of the learned circles. Yet the fact remains that below the chalk cliffs which form the characteristic mark of Albion the Perfidious black diamonds have been discovered, and a new source of industry—such as will not please Mr. Ruskin at all—is likely to be opened up close by the historic Cinque Port itself. The men of Kent, instead of importing their coals from afar, may, in their turn, take to selling their carboniferous products to their less fortunate neighbours, and a geological discovery may, in truth, thus revolutionise a whole county. It seems that the suspicion that coal was to be found beneath the chalk, and within accessible distance of the earth's surface, is no recent speculation in geology. Some thirty-five years ago Mr. Godwin Austen laid before the Geological Society of London his views on this subject, and declared his belief in the existence of the valued mineral below rocks from which the coal was ordinarily presumed to be separated by many thousands of feet of different rocks. To enable us to understand the bold nature of this speculation of Mr. Austen's, we require to bear in mind the teachings of geology concerning the succession of the rocks which compose the crust of our earth.

First of all, let us note that the various ages or periods into which time past has been mapped out by geologists, correspond to or with as many groups of rocks; each marked by its own special structure, fossils, and other characteristics. Then, in the second place, we have to bear in mind that the order in which one rock-formation succeeds another never alters. Take as an example of this stable order of the rocks the following: the Coal rocks, in their natural order, lie above the Devonian or Old Red Sandstone, while, in turn, they are overlaid by the Permian rocks. Thus, if we could see in any district a section showing the complete thicknesses of these three rock-formations as they were deposited, we should find the oldest or Devonian strata lying lowest, the Coal in the middle, and the Permian above the Coal, this last formation being the youngest or most recently formed of the three. Suppose, further, that a person on whose estate the Devonian rocks came to the surface consulted a mining engineer as to the probability of coal being found beneath the soil of his possessions, it is very clear what the reply of the scientist would be. He would say that as the Coal is a younger rock than the Devonian, and was therefore formed after the latter, and lies in its natural order above it, to spend money in boring for Coal through the Devonian would be as futile a proceeding as that of trying to lift water with a sieve. Suppose, however, that the surface rocks of the estate were of Permian age, and that these latter rocks were not inconveniently thick, then the prospect of finding coal measures would amount wellnigh to a certainty. It is this succession of the rocks which forms the basis of all geological calculations about the finding of minerals and concerning the nature of the rocks which occur in any locality. It is this very thought which has to be taken into account in discussing the occurrence of coal at Dover.

If we inquire into the order of the rocks which crop up to the surface at the coast, we find them, of course, to belong to

the Chalk series. Now, the Chalk is a long way younger than the Coal. It belongs to quite a distinct period of the earth's history from that which witnessed the growth and luxuriance of the Coal vegetation. Tracing the succession of the rocks from the Coal to the Chalk, we find the Permian lying, as we have seen, above the Coal. Then we pass upwards in point of position, and onwards in point of time, to the Trias formations. After and above the Trias come the Oolite rocks, and, finally, above the Oolite lie the Chalk rocks themselves. These formations are divided each into a whole series of subordinate strata marked by local and other peculiarities; but the main point for us to keep in view is the plain fact that if the Coal rocks are separated from the Chalk by the Permian, Trias, and Oolite formations, which attain many thousands of feet in thickness, it would seem a practically hopeless idea to expect to be able to reach the Coal by any amount of boring capable of being carried out by human appliances.

Yet there is one consideration which comes to the aid of the geologist, who has to face many problems of very perplexing kind. What should we say, let us ask, if certain of the rocks lying in the natural order of things, between the Coal and the Chalk, happened to be absent? What if the Trias and Oolite, together with the older and scarcer Permian, had somehow or other slipped out of the series altogether? What if some geological cataclysm had swept them away, so that at Dover and elsewhere the earth should see the faces of these rocks no more for ever? Clearly, if these suppositions possess any grains of reality at all, the effect of the thinning away of the rocks between the Coal and the Chalk would practically be to bring these two formations into relatively close proximity. Now, this is precisely what we know has occurred elsewhere. Mr. Godwin Austen long ago told geologists that, from his study of the coalfields of Somerset and South Wales, and of Belgium and Northern France as well, he was certain coal also lay buried under the rocks of the intervening regions. If this idea were to be entertained, then it followed that underneath the white cliffs of Dover there was a possibility of coal being found. The only question remaining then came to be, Could it be reached from the surface so as to make it available for the use of man? Again there was support for this idea in the fact that coal is being worked in both France and Belgium, beneath the same chalk rocks which environ our shores.

There had been borings carried on in Sussex in the Wealden formations, which, as the lowest of the Chalk, were supposed to afford the best chance of getting at the strata below; but this work had to be abandoned on account of an accident to the boring tubes, after some 1900 ft. of strata had been passed through. In the London district a noteworthy observation showed that Devonian rocks older than the Coal had been met with at about 1000 ft. from the surface. Clearly, then, it was a hopeful enough prospect to expect that the Coal itself might be met with under similar and favourable auspices. The boring operations, as all the world knows, were duly resumed at Dover, and the section made at Shakespeare's Cliff began with the Lower Grey Chalk, and, after 500 ft., passed to the end of that formation. Then came 660 ft. of thickness of strata, belonging to the Oolite rocks, which, as we saw, lie below the chalk. The crucial point came next in order. What lay below the Oolite formation and beneath the Bathonian measures which formed the lowest set of Oolitic age? The reply of the boring came clear and distinct—in a single word, Coal. Professor Boyd Dawkins, who has all along taken a deep interest in the solution of this interesting problem of geology, tells us that the coal measures at Dover were struck

at a distance of 1180 ft. from the top of the borehole. This is 68 ft. below the point at which the coal was met with in the Calais borings. The Wealden strata, he further tells us, are thinned off in a remarkable manner, inasmuch as they are seen at Hythe and Folkestone, but at Dover are wanting, and this absence of the Weald rendered the work of getting at the coal all the more favourable.

The Dover coal is said to be of good blazing variety, and one may, therefore, anticipate the time when Kent coal will be quoted in the lists of the London dealers in the black diamonds. This is the economic side of things; but doubtless our coal-dealing friends will take good care that the price of coals is not at all reduced by the fruits of geological discovery. The scientific side is more to the point at present, and we may learn how exactly scientific prophecies come true in the case of the Dover coal. Scientific prophecies, however, have this great characteristic, that they are founded on certain pieces of evidence rather than upon the misty convictions and beliefs of dreamers who are always prophesying about events that are never likely to occur—in our time, at least—and among them the end of the world, which I understand a hopeful and sanguine professional prophet has decided will happen in the year 1893. Science reasons, in other words, about what is still in the dark, from the facts she has ascertained. In this respect the geologists at Dover took the advice of Hosea Biglow, who wisely advises nobody to prophesy unless he knows. The great advantage of this procedure is that one's prophecies are always certain to come true.

ANDREW WILSON.

At the eighty-third annual festival in aid of the funds of the City of London Truss Society, the secretary announced subscriptions amounting to upwards of £600.

Mr. Robert Threshie Reid, Q.C., M.P., has been elected a Bencher of the Inner Temple, in succession to the late Mr. Alfred Simpson.

The equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, given by the women and girls of the United Kingdom to her Majesty as a Jubilee offering, has been placed upon the Aberdeen granite pedestal on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce, the Chancellor of the Exchequer strongly urged the formation of Conciliation Boards as a means of adjusting disputes between capital and labour.

The second season of the Seaside Camp for London Working Boys, managed by the London Diocesan Council for the Welfare of Young Men, is to commence on May 17. Meanwhile the necessary funds are coming in but slowly, and the camp committee earnestly appeal to the public for donations, which may be sent either to Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., 43, Charing-cross, or to the secretary of the London Diocesan Council, at the office, Northumberland Chambers, Northumberland-avenue.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which was held in St. James's Hall. He alluded to the bravery of Bishop Smythies in refusing to withdraw from Africa. In the new Bishop of Corea he believed they had found the right man to break the ground in that part of the world, and he hoped they would be able to find suitable men to accompany him. The other speakers were Bishop Smythies, of Zanzibar; Bishop Corfe, of Corea; Dr. Marks, Principal of Rangoon College, the tutor of King Theebaw; the Rev. H. Whitehead; and the Rev. Mr. Joseph, a native clergyman of Antigua.

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DIVIDED DUTIES.

From the Picture by Lilian Young, in the possession of the Proprietors of Brooke's Soap.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It was a very smart Private View at the New Gallery on April 29. The charming Central Hall, with its balconies, its fountain surrounded by flowers and palms, and its marble floor, makes the most admirable theatre for the display of dress. There were an unusual number of pretty faces, though none of the "fashionable beauties" were present—but the fact is that to get a reputation for beauty is almost as slow a business as to get a reputation for anything else, and most of the famous pretty women, whom the public knows as such, are long past their prime, while the really lovely girls one sees are still "nobodies." After thirty the peach-like, delicate bloom of beauty inevitably fades to some extent. I do not say but that the charm of the face may remain;—perhaps, as much of the beauty of feature, even, is to be seen, as the countenance fixes and the expression develops, as there is in earlier days—but the complexion loses its bloom, and the eyes something of their limpid light or flashing brilliance: so that, though women are often more fascinating between thirty and forty than they were before, they cannot possibly be as beautiful. Yet, in this overcrowded world, even beauty, unless aided by adventitious circumstances, such as great rank or stage success, wins fame so slowly that half its power is gone before its existence is known. On the other hand, if a woman becomes famous for beauty at the age of the Duchess of Leinster, she is still talked of as a beauty when she is a grandmother, like the Duchess of Manchester.

Miss Ellen Terry can even appear on the stage with her handsome son without ceasing to be young herself. Her costume at the New Gallery was very simple, and therefore the more conspicuous amid such a smart crowd. It was a thick, rough-faced black cloth, made with a blouse bodice belted round the waist, and a loose open short jacket of the same material worn over, and a round "bolero" hat of black felt trimmed with black pompons. Mrs. Henry Irving was as near Mephistophelean in her costume as a lady can well achieve—bright flame-red cashmere, sparingly picked out with black. It was curious to see Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Salisbury both so plainly dressed. The Premier's wife was in a very dark green brocaded woollen, with black silk passe-

menterie trimming the bottom of the skirt, and a little black silk and lace mantelet. The ex-Premier's wife wore a long black circular cloak of velvet, made in the fashion of a past generation, spreading out very wide at the bottom and narrowing to the shoulders, to which it was shaped by gussets in the seams. Mrs. Gladstone had on, further, a black glacé silk dress, trained, and a black bonnet trimmed with a quantity of scarlet geraniums.

Mr. Gladstone was with his wife: he looked as alert and mentally alive as ever, but, physically speaking, he is fast becoming a very aged man. There is a portrait of him by Millais in the Academy, which gives, to my mind, exactly the combination of great age with fire in the ashes of the spirit that the original presents. But Mr. Gladstone is more wrinkled and fallen away than the painter, even though he have the courage of genius, could dare to show. However, anybody who can recollect the last portrait which Sir John Millais painted of the same famous sitter, and can compare it with the new one, will gain a very true idea of the change which a few years have produced in that interesting figure.

Mrs. Henschel, the popular singer, wore a very smart gown of heliotrope faille, with a yellow loose vest appearing between the edges of the Zouave, which were outlined with gold passementerie; then she had a natty little round hat of heliotrope velvet trimmed with yellow velvet ribbon bows. Among the many very pretty girls were Miss Violet Armbruster (Hymen in "As You Like It" at the St. James's Theatre) who wore a long cloak of greeny-blue and a picture hat to match; and Miss Blanche Hughes, who is just beginning a career as a reciter, and who was dressed in the palest brown cloth, with a loose front of crêpe de Chine falling from under a sort of Greek belt of passementerie, and a big transparent hat of brown tulle trimmed with pink roses.

Many dresses that were extremely conspicuous were not equally becoming. Two sisters in magpie dresses, for instance, with one sleeve white and one black, ditto the bodice and skirt, were striking, but no more. But the funniest figures appeared at the great Academy Private View. There are more people there, and some of them are always sure to be eccentric. The gem of the collection was a middle-aged

woman, sallow, dark, short, and plump, attired in a costume of printed soft silk of the kind commonly used for piano draping and the like objects; it had a yellow ground with terra-cotta flowers of large size thickly distributed over it. It was puffed in the skirt, in various queer places; the bodice was cut low down back and front, so as to show a liberal allowance of dusky neck; it had no collar, but was smocked into the shape there. To complete this gown there was worn a flat-crowned large-brimmed black velvet hat, trimmed profusely with pink roses and pink ribbon, and two long ends of pink ribbon fell down at the back to far below the waist.

Hardly less peculiar looked those poor dear women who, having a notion that their day gowns were not smart enough for the occasion, had put on half-soiled evening gowns. Nothing could look worse—the plainest and simplest tweed frock, though it would attract less attention, would be more to be admired than these obvious makeshifts, glaring, tawdry, and uncomfortable in the broad light of day. One such was a pale heliotrope moiré, with the front both of the skirt and vest between the loose edges of the bodice of draped white Spanish lace. Another was an embroidered white crêpe de Chine, which had evidently been a sleeveless dress, and had had white velvet full sleeves added for this afternoon occasion. There were some blatant violet dresses worn—a peculiar bright aggressive shade, that needs the most brilliant of complexions to stand comfortably beside it. Of course, by the irony of the evil spirit that presides at many women's toilet-tables, the wearers were invariably distinguished for their muddy, colourless faces, which the violet mass of gown emphasised. A painful costume was of a blue-and-yellow striped silk, with panels and full sleeves of that terrible violet—it set one's teeth on edge with pain to see it. Another strange garment was black silk, printed with innumerable tiny yellow flowers.

But now for some of the good gowns. Lady De Grey looked charming in black and mauve. Lady Berwick, whose handsome portrait, by Mr. Phil Morris, is on the walls, wore a foulard with a dark-blue ground and an Indian shawl pattern, the full sleeves and half the bodice being of blue

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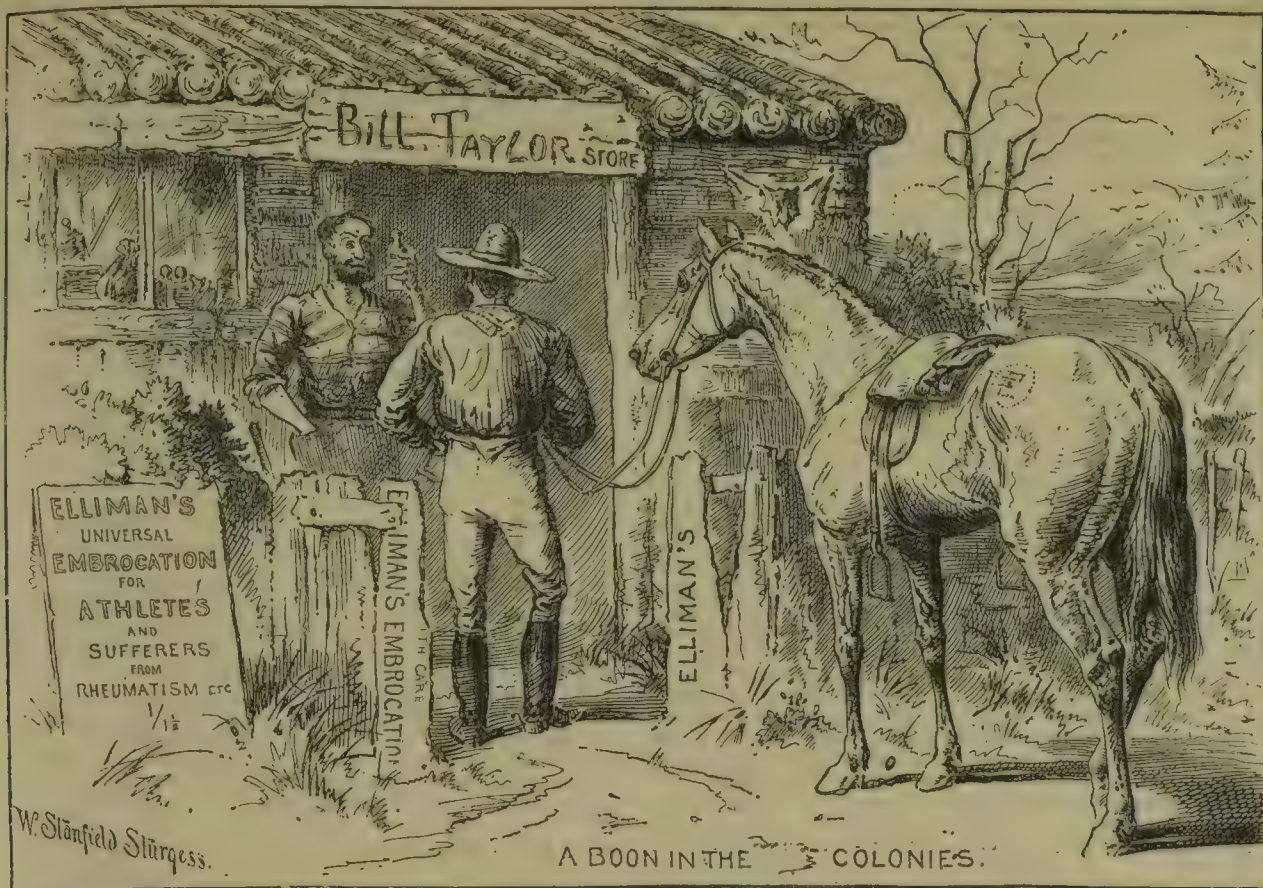
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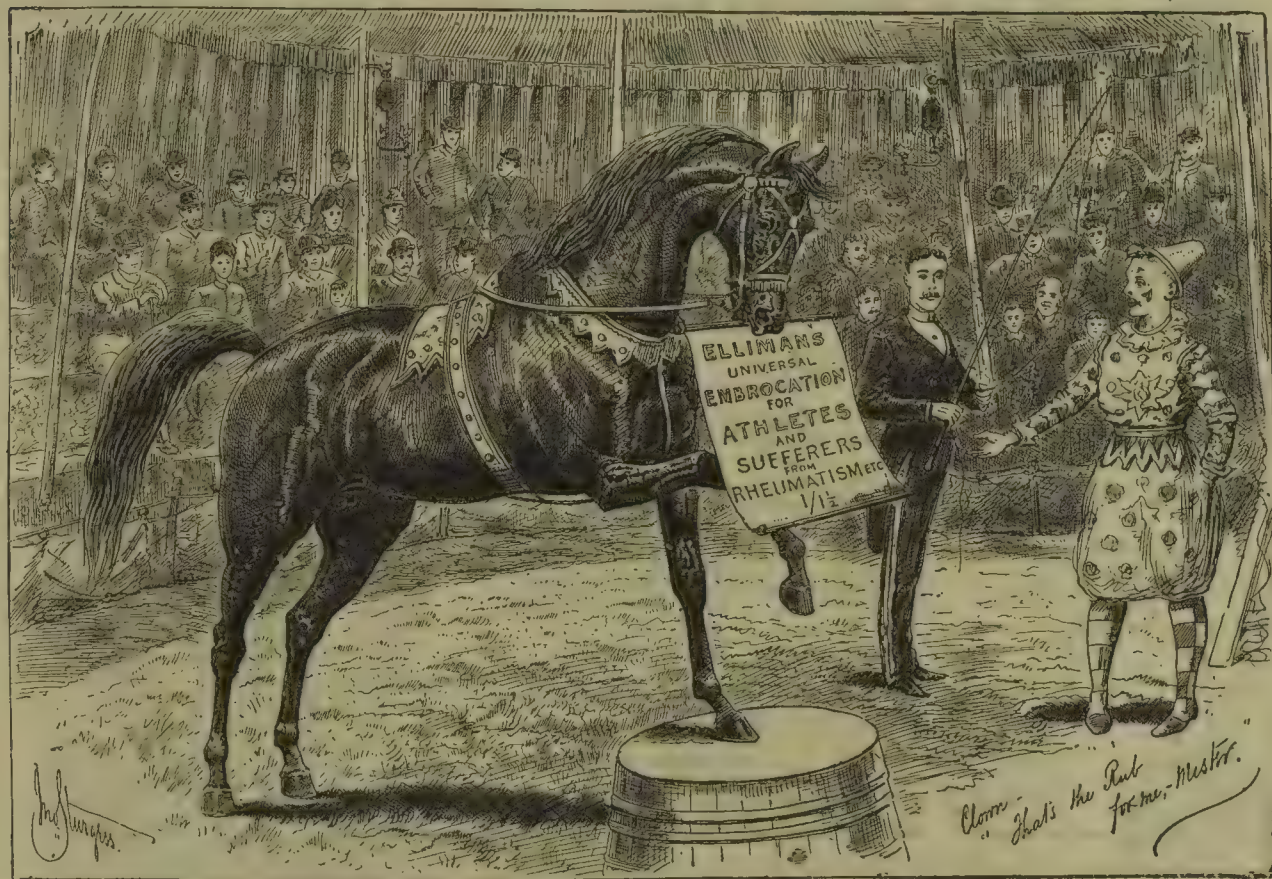
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velvet. Lady Monckton looked extremely nice, all in black—a moiré dress with full sleeves covered by jet open-work passementerie. These full sleeves are now often draped completely in this fashion with lace or piece embroidery. One showy dress of heliotrope cloth had the sleeves and the yoke braided all over, the design picked out with large dabs of glittering paste at frequent intervals. Lady Colin Campbell's gown was admired by many people, but as it was of the blonde's colour, pale-blue, I could not think it becoming to her pronounced, even bold, brunette style of beauty, big black eyes, and hair like the raven's wing. The material was apparently a sort of alpaca, with a broad silver edging woven in; this edging was used to form the yoke of the bodice, and thence the rest of the stuff fell in folds, belted in at the waist, but otherwise almost unshaped—just long plain folds.

Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, the well-known actress, wore a very simple but becoming dress of terra-cotta cloth, very tight fitting round the hips, and a big-brimmed lace hat. Mrs. Edmeston had a magnificent gown of an artistic reseda, in a mixture of cloth and armure silk, with trimmings of green-and-gold embroidery done on the material. The armure made a plain yoke top to the bodice, below which came a cuirass of the cloth, edged at the junction of the materials with the embroidery. The back of the skirt was draperies of armure and the front cloth, the embroidery prettily trimming everywhere. Mrs. Charles Hancock's dress of pale-brown cloth had a deep cuirass belt of brown velvet. Miss Dorothy Dene, who, as everybody knows who has seen her on the stage, is exceedingly pretty, had a stylish dress that became her greatly; it was of a pale heliotrope cloth and a pansy-violet velvet. The dark velvet made a cuirass bodice (perhaps I had better explain that this means a bodice fitted very tightly to the figure by means of an extra number of well-boned seams, and not coming higher than the top of the corset). The violet-velvet cuirass was cut out in points round the bust where it met the full yoke of cloth. The plain draperies of the cloth skirt hooked up

invisibly over the edge of the velvet bodice, and altogether it looked exactly as if the wearer had grown up in her gown; but closer investigation showed that it was laced under the left arm with a lace of the same colour as the velvet, so that it did not show. Miss Dene's hat was heliotrope crepe, with long feathers.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

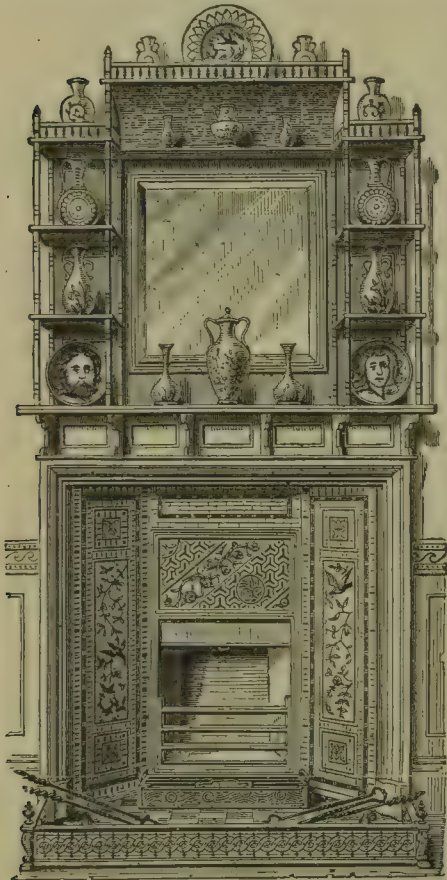
The will (dated May 16, 1888) of Mr. Frederick William Grafton, late of Heysham Hall, Lancashire, who died on Jan. 27 last, at 7, Kensington Palace-gardens, was proved in London on April 29 by Mrs. Emily Sophia Grafton, the widow, Francis Frederick Grafton, the son, Charles Hunter, and Henry Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £215,000. The testator leaves Heysham Hall, with certain land, to his wife, for life, and at her death the mansion-house and part of the land to his son Francis Frederick; all his shares in the North Cheshire Water-works, the manor of Heysham, and £50,000 to his said son; he also leaves him the testimonial presented to him in 1878 by his workpeople at the Broad Oak Print Works, Accrington, and the casket and illuminated address presented to him by his constituents on his retirement from the representation of the Accrington Division in Parliament, trusting that he will never part with the said casket and address; £3000 to his wife, and he gives her the right to live in and use his residence Norton Grange, Sussex, for life; £25,000, upon trust, for his son Herbert Ross, and a further sum of £25,000 on the death of his wife; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, and a further sum of £120,000 between them on the death of his wife; £145,000, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life—but should the income not amount to £5000 per annum, it is to be made up to that sum out of the settled legacies; and there are specific gifts to his wife and children, and legacies to his clerk, executors, and trustees. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son, Francis Frederick

Grafton. He confirms the settlement of his furniture, &c., made on his marriage, and the provision made for his wife and children by his will is to be in addition to any made by settlement.

The will (dated May 21, 1889) of Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson, late of Saffron Walden, Essex, who died on March 6, at Tunbridge Wells, was proved on April 28 by William Murray Tuke, the brother, Lewis Fry, and Henry Tuke Menell, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £120,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Saffron Walden Public Library and the Saffron Walden Public Museum; £200 each to the Saffron Walden Public Benevolent Society, the Saffron Walden Public Maternity Society, the Foreign Missions of the Society of Friends, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; and numerous legacies, many of large amount, to her brothers, sister, nephews, nieces, servants, and others, all free of duty. All her furniture, plate, books, pictures, household stores, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and other effects in and about her residence, and £1000, she gives to her daughter, Mary Wyatt Gibson, and exercises in her favour her power of appointment under the wills of her grandfather, James Hack, her father, Samuel Tuke, and her aunt, Elizabeth Hack; and she states she makes no further provision for her daughter, as she is amply provided for under the will of her (testatrix's) husband. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her brothers; her surviving sister, and the children of her deceased sisters, in equal eighth shares. In the event of her daughter dying without issue she gives some further legacies to charities and others.

The will (dated April 21, 1877), with nineteen codicils, of Miss Jane Wilson, late of 2, Belgrave-place, Belgrave-square, who died on March 14, was proved on April 28 by John Moxon Clabon and Sewallis Evelyn Shirley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testatrix bequeaths numerous legacies; she also gives her shares in the Canada Company and the residue of her real estate to St. George's Hospital; £14,000 Cape of Good Hope

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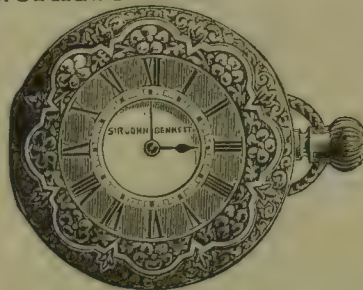


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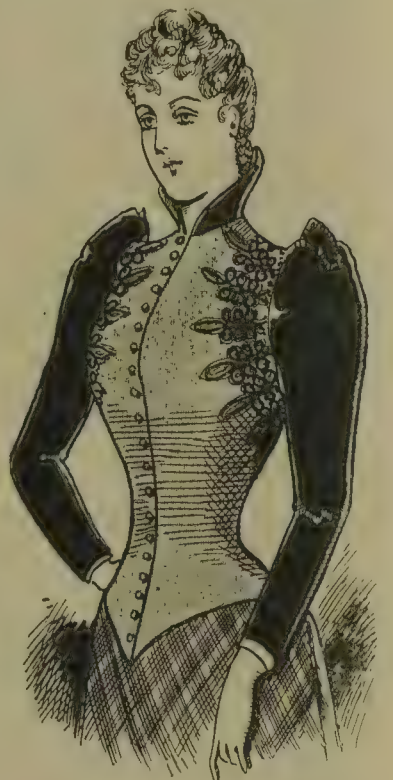
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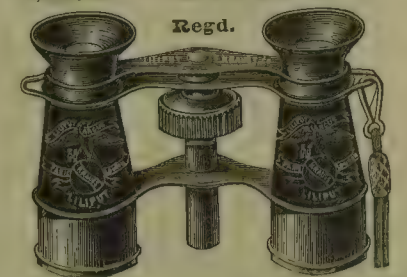
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The will (dated July 26, 1867) of the Rev. Michael Angelo Atkinson, formerly of Fakenham, Norfolk, and late of Driffeld-terrace, The Mount, York, who died on March 22 last, was proved on April 26 by Mrs. Amelia Elizabeth Atkinson, the widow, and acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 10, 1889) of Mrs. Elizabeth Watts, late of Yeovil, Somersetshire, who died on July 3 last, was proved on April 18 by Henry Moore Watts and Herbert Joseph Watts, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. After making provision for her other children, the testatrix gives the residue of her real and personal estate to her son Henry Moore Watts.

The will (dated May 24, 1883) of Mr. Robert Coltart, late of Sefton Park, Liverpool, wood-broker, who died on Jan. 9 last, at Birkdale, was proved on April 26 by Joseph Coltart, Andrew Lymburn Coltart, and Frederick James Coltart, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator leaves £1000 to his

wife, Mrs. Edith Ellen Coltart, and the use for life or widowhood of his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and objects of art and vertu, and makes no further provision for her, as she is amply provided for under the will of her father; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his children. In default of children, he gives legacies to nephews, nieces, and sisters-in-law; and the ultimate residue to his said three brothers and the children of his late brother, George Allan Coltart.

Distinguished Service pensions of £100 per annum have been conferred on Lieut.-General A. J. Lyon-Fremantle and Major-General J. Byron.

Mr. Edward H. Fahey, R.I., has returned from the Riviera, and is showing his winter's work at his studio, 28, Dawson-place, Pembroke-square, every afternoon between four and six o'clock from May 10 to May 25 inclusive.

The Earl of Derby presided, on May 6, at the festival dinner of the Metropolitan Hospital, given at the Hôtel Métropole, and made an urgent appeal on behalf of this valuable institution. Contributions to the amount of £1800 were announced.

The Labour Demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday, May 4, was a great and in every respect a most successful popular gathering. Shortly after noon masses of workmen began to assemble on the Victoria Embankment, bringing with them their bands, banners, and trade emblems. As the great clock at

Westminster sounded three the vast body began the march to Hyde Park, which was reached after the delays inseparable from the progress of such enormous crowds of people. Fifteen platforms had been erected in all, and brief addresses were delivered, Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P., Mr. Michael Davitt, and Mr. John Burns being among the speakers. The greatest good humour and decorum prevailed throughout, and the police, who though present in goodly force were never obtruded on the sight, had scarcely anything to do. Before nightfall the park was clear, and the thoroughfares had resumed their normal aspect.

Mr. Felix Joseph has presented to the nation, per Nottingham Castle Museum, 500 original studies, designs, and drawings by the late Thomas Stothard, R.A.

Messrs. Yarrow and Co. launched, on May 3, at Poplar, the first of the two shallow-draught gun-boats built to the order of the British Government for service on the Zambesi.

Mr. E. H. Joynson, the proprietor of the well-known paper-mills, St. Mary Cray, should certainly be more than satisfied with the result of his endeavours to provide amusements for the Crays and neighbourhood on May Day last. It has been ascertained that over 20,000 people visited his meadows during the festivities; all the amusements were entirely free; some idea may be gained of the enormous amount of work in getting up the festival by the fact that over 500 of his own workpeople were in the procession, all in correct May Day costume of their own manufacture.



JOHN MANLEY, OF BRIDGEWATER.

A LAMPLIGHTER IN LUCK.

The *Bridgewater Mercury* furnishes the following interesting facts: John Manley, of Bridgewater, is a happy man. His good fortune deserves to be made public. Having lived among us all his life, and held the position of lamplighter for over thirty-two years, his name and face are familiar to everybody in Bridgewater. He is liked by all. While his life has, generally speaking, been an uneventful one, he has nevertheless, during those thirty-two years, met with some strange experiences. In nightly furnishing light for us all, as it were, he has weathered many a storm and wintry blast. The cause of his present rejoicing is best explained by quoting his own words, and we will only add that, being familiar with the facts of the case, we gladly make public the statement, which is as follows: "Ever since I first got my appointment from the Gas Company, in 1857, I have made it a rule to let nothing interfere with my duties, and for seventeen years I scarcely missed a day. I was proud of my record, and resolved not to spoil it; but one night, just twelve years ago, I was obliged to get a substitute or let the people of Bridgewater wander about in darkness. Having been exposed to a spell of very bad weather, I was stricken down with a terrible attack of rheumatism, which completely disabled me; for weeks I could not move my arms. In those twelve years I endured more suffering than words can express, and I began to regard my case as altogether hopeless. When one of our lady citizens sent me part of a bottle of a remedy which she said was a sure cure for rheumatism, as she had found out from personal experience, I made a few applications, and to my astonishment and delight the pains and swelling not only left me, but I have been free from them ever since, and able to do my work as well as ever I could in my life. I have not felt as well in twelve years, and I do not mind saying that I, and all those who knew of my frequent disabled condition, regard St. Jacobs Oil, which is the thing that I used, as the best remedy in the world. It made me happy, and I know of several who have used it since, and all have found it wonderfully effective. I am so delighted with the good it did me that I shall never cease to speak well of it."

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There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

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Prevents the decay of the TEETH.

Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.

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SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 12d. per Bottle.



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Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of

THE CELEBRATED
"LOUIS" VELVETEEN
TO

THOS. WALLIS & CO., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.



HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES.

The supper was laid on the table trim
When out comes, roaring, my young son, Jim,
"Oh! daddy, the rats! A dozen or two
Are gobbling the supper, and baby too."
My wife, with a scream, seized iron and broom,
I clutched a bottle, and made for the room.
Never was heard such a hullabaloo!
It woke up the cat, and the terrier, too.
The terrier thought we were hunting the rat,
Got a grip of her tail, as she went for the cat.

Jim, with his hatchet, tumbled over a pail,
And tried to hold terrier back by the tail.
I caught Jim by the wool, but rather too late—
The table received such a bump from his pate—
That teapot, plates, lamp, chairs, baby and all,

Were upset on the floor, 'mid crash and squall.
The people about shouted, "Murder! Fire!"
And the police rushed in the cause to inquire;
They'd listen to nothing we wanted to state,
But to the next station lugged me off straight.

Swore I was drunk—nearly murdered my wife,
And of my poor infant endangered the life,
Broke tables and chairs, and the crockery ware;
When the Justice said, "What a savage old bear!"
Not heeding a word my poor wife did swear.
Imprisoned and fined, I cursed my sad fate,
When lately I learned, but rather too late,
Instead of depending on traps, dogs, or cats,
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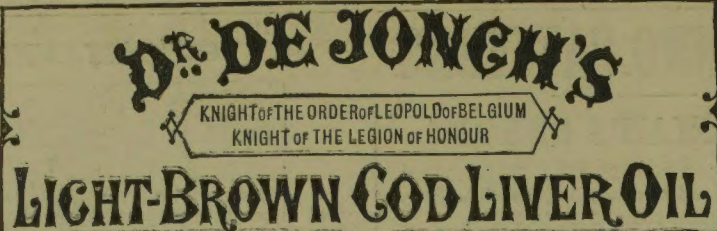
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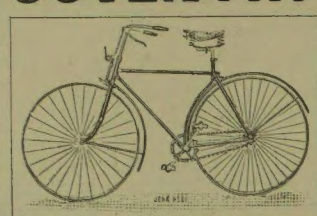
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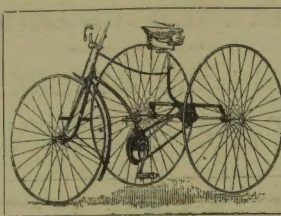
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